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P E N S E R O S O,  
OR THE  
PENSIVE PHILOSOPHER  
IN HIS  
S O L I T U D E S,  
A  
P O E M  
IN  
S I X B O O K S.

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By the Revd. JAMES FOOT.

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L O N D O N:

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MDCCLXXI,

PENNSYLVANIA

OF THE

LEGISLATIVE PHILOSOPHY

IN THIS

SOLITUDINE

A

OF THE

IN

SIX BOOKS

By the Hon. J. B. BOYD

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And sold by C. S. ...  
Philadelphia





THE  
P R E F A C E.

**T**HE following Poem is of the didactic kind, if the Critics will allow it that appellation. It is in some places descriptive, in other places argumentative, and in others narrative. The design of it is to recommend piety, the social virtues, and a love of liberty. It introduces an imaginary person of the name of Penserofo, reflecting in his solitudes, or rural retreats, upon the state of the moral and natural, the religious and civil world.

The author was the more inclined to represent the imaginary person moralizing in this retired manner, as then he might sometimes take occasion to embellish the poem with pastoral description, and relieve the reader by presenting him with a pleasing view of natural appearances. By these means that severity of attention, which is required to comprehend moral and philosophical truth, receives for awhile some abatement. There is something so untoward in the human mind, that it is difficult to keep up its attention for any considerable time to things of a speculative nature, unless we are sometimes amused with what entertains the imagination.

It was perhaps for want of something of this kind, that the *Paradise regained* of Mil-

## The P R E F A C E.

v

Milton has been less admired by the generality of readers than his *Paradise lost*, although, as was rightly observed by the learned Doctor Newton, the sentiments and argumentation of the former are not inferior to those of the latter. The elegant Mr. Mason has somewhere hinted at the propriety of pastoral description by the Chorus in theatrical entertainments, and mentioned Milton's mask of *Comus* as what excels in that way. Upon the same principles it was thought proper in this poem to introduce a story on some occasions in the illustration of some moral truth.

As to the following poem, the author himself can be no judge of its merit: The world must decide that point. In a composition of such a length there must be faults, and indeed if it were otherwise, it would not

be the work of a man. No pains have been omitted however to render it as useful and entertaining as possible ; a deference, which from every author is due to the public.

It is written in blank verse, as opposed to what is commonly, although improperly, called rhyme. This mode of versification in the present times meets with due encouragement, which is a proof of the good sense of the age. Blank verse admits of a greater variety in the construction of its numbers, and we know that it is for the most part adopted by Young, Mallet, Glover, Akenfide, Armstrong, Ogilvie, and in short, by most of the celebrated writers of the present times.

It was thought proper to add a few notes and observations for the illustration of some passages in the poem, but for many reasons  
the



the author chose to be very sparing of them. If there be any need of an apology for his composing and publishing a work of this nature, it may be sufficient to observe, that his profession led him frequently to meditate upon these subjects, and in writing upon them, he acted in character ; not to mention, that possibly the same thoughts which might lie neglected, if published in prose, may be read with some degree of avidity, when a little ornamented with the graces and imagery of poetical diction.



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# ERRATA.

## Page. Line.

- 1 7 For livid, read liv'd.
- 45 14 For stop, read step.
- 51 2 For wither'd, read whiten'd
- 65 9 For overwhelm'd, read o'erwhelm'd.
- 66 14 For them, read then
- 75 12 Dele the letter e in the
- 93 20 For very, read easy.
- 117 11 For on, read o'er.
- 120 5 For edg'd, read wedg'd.
- 132 7 For th', read the
- 149 8 For battlous, read battailous
- 164 18 Dele the last f in scandalize for z
- 168 4 For o'erun, read o'errun.
- 176 2 For his, read her.
- 180 11 For fragrant, read fragrant.
- 183 2 Dele on, and put a comma after strange.
- 217 11 For fideling, read fidelong.
- 239 After the Abbots in England, add lived.
- 243 After ast of the Pope, dele the colon for a comma
- 249 Read the massacre of Paris was, for massacres.
- 255 5 For haunts, read hunts.
- 263 8 For this, read a
- 264 20 For they're read their
- 272 4 After suns put a colon.
- 302 For trepid baths their case employ, read tepid baths  
their care employ.

## FIRST BOOK.

## Upon the STATE of MAN.

## THE ARGUMENT.

THE character and qualities of Penseroso delineated. His rural retreat in a moonlight evening, and reflections upon men and things. Man, a being subject to pain and sorrow : the efficient cause of all moral, and of much natural evil in the world : in respect of his capacities for virtue and happiness, such as the Deity intended him : it depends upon his choice, whether he will be more or less virtuous and happy. The folly of attempting to know more of the designs of providence, than the condition of humanity allows of. Man in some respects less happy than the brutes, who

x The ARGUMENT.

who are ignorant of futurity; in what respects more happy; his blessings from hope; often deceived in his pursuit of the summum bonum, or highest good. This instanced in various cases, as in those of Princely dignity, military glory, ambition, luxury, wealth, pleasure, knowledge, beauty, and health. The lower conditions of life, and every stage of it have their infelicities. Virtue not free from sorrow, but because it is most productive of happiness, therefore recommended. Penseroso desires to be instructed in the knowledge of nature, and especially of those appearances, which, during that evening, presented themselves to his view: these he resolves into the agency of God, and considers as motives to devotion and virtue.

BOOK





B O O K    t h e    F I R S T .

**P**RESS'D with a weight of woe, which death  
had wrought,

And lash'd by persecution's rod severe,  
The injur'd Penserofo issued forth,  
And in the height of sorrow made complaint,  
Frequenter of the shades. Ne'er livid a Sage  
In heart so pure, in life so much oppress'd.  
No thin disguise e'er cloth'd his naked soul,  
His act unblam'd, and kind his feeling heart  
Yearn'd at the moan of sorrow. In the realm  
Of Albion liv'd and mourn'd this Western Job;  
Albion, the dark domain of fable clouds,  
Region of fancied, more than real woe,  
Where oft' in mimic night the solar beam

Is

Is lost, and all the joyous face of Heav'n  
 Is muffled in a humid veil of air  
 With sad embarrassment ; hence sinks oppress'd,  
 The human heart, and the bright beam of joy  
 Fails for awhile to gild the mental gloom.  
 On death he fondly mus'd, for that he saw  
 Destructive of his friends ; the night he fought  
 To ponder on his woe, and converse shunn'd,  
 But fought the still by-paths of Hermit life.  
 Delighted, nature's noble works rever'd,  
 Nor less rever'd the monuments of art  
 In ruins pleasing ; nor the tales of Greece  
 And Rome ; nor Chivalry's enchantments drear,  
 Where morals lay conceal'd, his search escap'd.  
 But chiefly would he moralize on man  
 And human life, to prove it vain intent  
 And full of woe. Oft' his companions were  
 The solemn birds of night, and deep in thought  
 His nightly round he shapes, 'till th' early cock,  
 Thron'd on the homestead tree, or shelt'ring stall,  
 Shrill-clarion'd wakes the morn, and loud the swain  
 Whistles

Whistles well-pleas'd, forth-issuing from his cot  
 To ply his morning task. Thus nobly blest  
 In all his still retreats he pities Kings,  
 The insolence of pow'r, the strut of wealth,  
 And all the idle trappings of the great.

Heav'n, teach me what he sung, when to the glade  
 Whilom he bent his way. 'Twas in the night  
 Serene when Phebe rose; the air was calm,  
 And nought was heard but Philomela's note,  
 The distant tinkle of the drowsy fold,  
 The howl of village-curs foreboding woe,  
 The curfew's sound, and sage Minerva's bird  
 Venting nocturnal prophecy to swains.  
 'Twas then the mournful Penseroso stood  
 Beneath the umbrage of an upland oak,  
 Rapt into heav'nly thought: The moon advanc'd  
 Gleam'd through the boughs, and shed a trembling  
 light.  
 Fair to his view rose many a neighbouring grove,  
 And hills and rocks, with vallies interspers'd,

Gilt

Gilt by the lunar beam ; whilst at the foot  
 Of a sweet-winding vale, the neighbouring sea  
 Murmur'd complacence to his list'ning ear.  
 The sage his meditations thus began.

That man is born to grieve, as upward mount  
 The flying sparks, the page divine declares.  
 That here no bliss is certain, and that death  
 Loud at the Palace-gate resistless knocks,  
 As at the cottage-door, by Roman bard  
 Is sweetly sung. But Heav'n is not to blame,  
 That man is as he is, for wise and just  
 Are Heav'n's eternal ways, though from the ken  
 Of erring mortals shaded. Man is born  
 To pain and grief, for man is mortal made,  
 His mortal state th' appointment of the skies.  
 But though to evils of the natural kind,  
 To pain's keen throbs, to sorrow's pining haunts,  
 And death's dire-clatt'ring stroke the human race  
 Were ever doom'd, yet by their passions whirl'd  
 Were never doom'd, through the high road of vice

To



To push their daring progress, for the act  
 Of man, not by resistless Fate compell'd,  
 Is ev'ry foul misdeed. Seldom from Heav'n,  
 But oft' from man our mis'ries have their source,  
 And often from ourselves, whilst half the good  
 Which Heav'n show'rs on the world, is by the world  
 Sadly abus'd. All things by nature's Lord  
 Were for the gen'ral good ordain'd, and still  
 Each passion has its use ; but man permits  
 His passions to usurp the mental throne ;  
 Hence is destroy'd the gracious plan of Heav'n,  
 The whole confounded by the human act ;  
 Hence sorrow springs, and of its bitter cup  
 Man drinks a plenteous draught, and is a wretch.

Man is himself, but not an Angel form'd :  
 Men, Angels, brutes are what their state requires ;  
 Are in the boundless scale of Being plac'd  
 Just where they ought to be, and made by Heav'n  
 Are made completely, for th' eternal mind  
 Ne'er form'd defective plans. The follies seen

In

In all the moral world, had ne'er appear'd,  
 Did reason rule the Commonwealth within,  
 Dictator in the little state of man,  
 And reason to controul was meant by Heav'n,  
 Man has a will, and wisely in his breast  
 That noble pow'r was lodg'd, for without choice  
 Nor vice nor virtue lives ; but man his will  
 Abuses ; hence the spring of all his woes.

Why Heav'n's Eternal form'd man what he is,  
 Why not an Angel, Angels why not Gods,  
 Or something else in Being's vast extent ;  
 This well to know was never in the pow'r  
 Of prying mortals : here the maze begins  
 Which man must never thread ; the omnific pow'r  
 And his deep counsel, aw'd we may revere,  
 But not presume to sound. 'Tis thine, O man,  
 To know thyself, but vain thy proud attempt  
 To know the great I am : th' Empyrean throne  
 By mortals ne'er is seen, too fiercely pours  
 The flood of glory thence for them to bear.

Some

Some heart-felt griefs, from which the brutes are  
free,

Fall to the lot of man, who feels from ills  
Already past, and countless ills in sight  
Afflict him ere they come, which by his fears  
Are giant-like enlarg'd, and evils fear'd  
Are real evils born : hence is his day  
Of life with sorrow overcast, and hence  
He wets his couch with unavailing tears.  
Unhappy man ! he sees the meagre stare  
Of future penury, the horrid stalk  
Of death approaching, and his mind recalls  
What once he sorely felt, the frozen hand  
Of friendship lost, the barb'rous deeds of foes,  
The loss of wealth, and harder loss of love,  
Snatch'd from his kind embrace by cruel death.

Brutes at a distance never mis'ry see,  
And soon forget the sorrow when 'tis past.  
Yon limping hare, which crops the tender blade,  
Forth-issued from her mossy cushion, form'd

B

In

In yonder shrubby dell, has now forgot  
 How yesterday with peals of threat'ning death,  
 Loud rung the combs and woodlands, she pursu'd  
 By hound and man as cruel ; nor she fears,  
 Her corse to-morrow might a victim bleed,  
 To the fierce Demon of the savage chase.  
 Thoughtless of ills she passes life, nor dreads  
 The secret snare that lurks in yonder brake.  
 Yon stock-dove slumb'ring on the Ivy'd ash,  
 Which shades the copse, nor dreams how fierce of late,  
 The ruffian hawk, the tyrant of the grove,  
 With cuff severe, nigh fell'd her to the ground ;  
 And when to-morrow's dawn has streak'd the east,  
 Fearless of ills from th' Ivy house she flies,  
 And fills the woodland with her joyous coo.  
 Nor does she know, or happily forgets,  
 That foes exist, 'till with a horrid swoop,  
 Fierce they reveal the long-forgotten truth.  
 Hark, how yon feather'd songsters of the night  
 Pour forth their chearful notes ; ign'rant of death  
 They live rejoicing ; but unhappy man  
 Knows he must die, and ev'n the thought is death.

The



The gulf of Fate still opens to his view;  
 And o'er this gulf he ever leans and fears.  
 Creation's Lord he vaunts himself, but man  
 Is oft' the first in woe, as first in rank.

But still 'tis granted, he has sov'reign Joys  
 To brutes denied : for gladsome he reviews  
 Past righteous life : With Joy more elevate  
 He ruminates on Heav'n, and with the warmth  
 Of friendship blest, all sun-shine is his soul.  
 With ecstasy he finds the hidden truth,  
 Long searh'd with care : Pleas'd o'er the ages past  
 Historically lives ; and counts the stars  
 Of Heav'n delighted, or upon the wing  
 Of fancy rapt'rous soars, 'till half the cares,  
 And pains of life are lost in higher thought,  
 And half forgot awhile Fidelia's death ;  
 For beams of knowledge gild the glooms of life.

Blest too is man with hope, a beamy spark,  
 Which shot from Heav'n, illumines the mind opaque ;  
 Man's high prerogative : hence Heroes dare

In the grim field of death ; hence galley'd slaves  
 Sing at the oar, and in his tatter'd weeds  
 The beggar struts a Lord : 'Tis this that cheats  
 All mortals into this absurd belief,  
 That with to-morrow's fun new joys will rise.  
 Aided by this we just can bear with life ;  
 Else man would sink beneath his weight of woe.

But hope a kind delusion often proves,  
 Deceiving with a smile : Man in his hope  
 Is sometimes blest, but in enjoyment fails.  
 With eager grasp he catches at his bliss ;  
 But ah, a cloud's embrac'd, whilst anxious he  
 A Goddess sought : At something still he aims,  
 This something reach'd, yields not the joy he wish'd.  
 Possession is not real bliss to man ;  
 By higher aim we mar th' allotted good.  
 A swain, who yonder field with wheaten grain  
 Profusely strew'd, once deem'd his bliss complete,  
 Should each grain breed a num'rous progeny,  
 An hundred-fold increase : th' autumnal year  
 Beheld th' increase desir'd, but to content

His

His craving heart it fail'd : Lo, something more  
He wants, to fill the vacuum of desire.

Yon ocean glist'ning through the tufted trees,  
Wafts boundless wealth to England's busy sons,  
And labours with the countless stores of trade :  
But tell me, sons of fortune, tell me truth,  
Is calm content e'er wafted with your wealth,  
Or is it left behind, tost to and fro,  
The sport of ev'ry breeze. But well 'tis sung,  
Gracious in Heav'n it was, the human heart  
To elevate with hope, else man would lie  
Unactive as a block. Hope quickens life,  
Else jaded soon, and gives to industry  
His rough two-handed force ; nor do we sing  
Erroneous, that at honour's shrine the knee  
Of man should never bend, nor to the walks  
Of gain his footsteps lead. All great attempts  
For public, or for private good demand  
High-plum'd ambition, and the noble pride  
Of soul, exulting in superior worth.

Descend, my Song, to more minute essays,  
 And tell how mankind grieve; how ev'ry joy  
 With sorrow is combin'd; how with its thorn,  
 Which lurks beneath, each rosy pleasure blooms,  
 Ill-fated man, still travelling in the search  
 Of real good, but still as oft' deceiv'd.  
 Advent'rous, he the airy phantom seeks,  
 Or in the upper regions of a court,  
 Or in the echoing shouts of conqu'ring arms,  
 Or in the dirty road of gain, or else  
 On pleasure's odorous couch; but perfect joy  
 Nor blazes in the regions of a court,  
 Nor thunders in the shouts of conqu'ring arms,  
 Nor travels in the dirty road of gain,  
 Nor on the odorous couch of pleasure leans,

High-lifted to the seat of regal pow'r,  
 Is man full-blest? Hard on the purpled slave  
 The weight of empire leans, and bows him down  
 In splendid mis'ry. By the means of state  
 Embarrass'd is the Prince's life, and there

Afloat



Afloat the passions run ; where flatt'ry blinds,  
 Ill is the truth discern'd, and still at hand  
 Fouly the ministers of vice essay  
 With lawless flame to fire the royal breast,  
 And push the leaning purpose into act,  
 What is the Monarch's life but peril, care,  
 And sore vexation ? Whilst the favour'd few  
 Of his unnumber'd liegemen speak their joy  
 Well-pleas'd, the many murmur discontent,  
 And but a few can bask in royal smiles.  
 Fierce o'er the regal head is hung a sword  
 Propp'd by a shred ; and edg'd with frightful death  
 It ever threatens. Hark, through yonder vale,  
 The solemn curfew sends its swinging roar,  
 Heard far, and breaks the silence of the night :  
 That sound proclaims the dang'rous state of Kings.  
 Undaunted often at th' anointed head  
 Of Monarchs rebel violence aims the blow,  
 Or hurls them from the throne, and when dethron'd  
 They totter o'er the grave, and tales of Kings  
 Are often tales of woe, by arts betray'd  
 Of faithless servants, and by friends abus'd.

Attractive like the Sun, the Kingly power  
 Mad competition draws, ambition's stride,  
 And factions murmur : Thus a lofty mark  
 Are Kings, where sorrow takes a proper aim,

But grant, the regal crown unmov'd remains,  
 And royal foes are quell'd, the Prince is still  
 A polish'd son of woe, for he must die :  
 He knows it, sighs, and fears. Soon is his blaze  
 Of greatness dark-eclips'd, and soon the crown  
 Pluck'd from his head, where death tremendous  
 frowns,

But say, is not the Hero truly blest,  
 Who in the iron field of war has reap'd  
 An harvest of renown, his hardy deed  
 The theme of poet's song, and through the world  
 Loud peals his fame. Ev'n harness'd Princes yok'd  
 In his triumphant car are doom'd to draw  
 This burden of renown : But in the height  
 Of glory man's a wretch. Thus Peleus' Son  
 When Priam's woes he saw, though cover'd o'er

With

With laurels, wept, and dire remorse his heart  
 Gor'd with his rigid beak. Carnage survey'd,  
 The mangled limbs by dogs and vultures torn,  
 Destroys the Hero's peace. Remember'd deaths  
 Wrought by his pride disturb his lonely hours ;  
 For guilt with fiercer war will storm his breast,  
 And nature's voice create the loudest din.  
 Hence the pale ghosts of thousands whom he kill'd  
 Alarm his midnight dreams, stalk in his sight,  
 And horrid glare revenge : Hence sighs steal out  
 Amidst the loud acclaims, and with his tears  
 Frequent his binding laurels are bedew'd.  
 An high-life bandit is the madman chief,  
 Who robs in form, and murders with a grace,  
 Politely barb'rous ; and did ever man,  
 Whose bosom thus is rack'd with guilt, enjoy  
 The ev'ning serenade of self-applause ?  
 Ev'n glory righteously acquir'd will work  
 Foul weather in the breast, and gusts of praise  
 O'erfet the human mind, the airy skiff  
 Ill-poiz'd by solid reason : hence revenge,  
 Madness and pride the Hero overcome.

Man

Man but ill governs what is lodg'd in man ;  
 None conquer'd yet himself, who conquer'd worlds,  
 The Macedonian Prince with glory drunk,  
 Must be a God ; denied, became a wretch ;  
 His mind the sport of ev'ry passion tost,  
 His conquests were his mis'ry ; then he drown'd  
 In wine, the life he else could ill sustain.

But what avails the Hero's splendid triumph,  
 The royal captive dragg'd, and loud huzza ?  
 'Tis but the wonder of an hour ; the gaze  
 Of senseless fools ; and glory is a spark  
 Which mounts and dies. See, high on yonder down  
 An ancient Tumulus, where late was dug  
 A wond'rous time-worn urn, completely fill'd  
 With proud Heroic dust ; but what avail  
 These marks of high renown ? No glory now  
 The dead embalms, for now among the wrecks  
 Of all-devouring time the name is lost.  
 Scarce shows this heap of pride a perish'd urn ;  
 And less appears the ashes hallow'd store.  
 What joy, what glory to the Hero dead,  
 That swains should say, here mounts a Giant's grave ?

See,



See, how ambition climbs to worldly pow'r,  
 Living in Royal smiles, but soon is kill'd  
 By frowns indignant : pride, with fear and care,  
 And endless jealousy his breast disturb,  
 A family of strife, and still at home :  
 Hid in the skies his head, like Maro's fame,  
 His hands for e'er in fordid deeds employ'd,  
 Selfish are all his aims to th' injur'd state  
 Destructive, though its gen'ral welfare he  
 Would seemingly promote : where uncontroul'd  
 Such passions reign, the mind is ill at ease.  
 But now supplanting envy pulls him down,  
 And the foul crimes, by which he on the tow'r  
 Of greatness blaz'd awhile, are brought to light,  
 Shorn is he now of all his tinsel'd pride,  
 His sorrows length'ning as his state declines ;  
 And rightly check'd in all its high career  
 His prance of greatness fails, 'till now devote  
 He bleeds an off'ring to the public rage,  
 Torn limbless to the ground : thus is he seen  
 A monument of man's precarious state ;

Soon

Soon rots his name, or far more hapless doom,  
Damn'd to eternal infamy remains.

Thus high as rises life, the more are seen  
Its high conceit, its danger, and its woe.  
As in the northern climes when o'er the land  
A tempest drives its fury, on the hill  
Storm-beaten falls the castle, and its Lord  
Is buried in the ruins, whilst the swain,  
Lodg'd in his cot along the shelter'd vale,  
And circled by a wood, defies the storm,  
And ev'n delighted hears the howling winds.

We grant, ambition built upon the plan  
Of justice and of honour, ever shone  
The brightest virtue. Thus the ancient chiefs  
Who founded empires, civiliz'd the world,  
And screen'd the state from home and foreign foes,  
Were Deify'd : such toils in virtue's cause  
Merit the praise of men, and Heav'n's reward.  
But honour well-deserv'd has stings of pain ;  
Merit is gaz'd on with an eye malign,  
Or wither'd by the pestilential blast

Of envious breath, or by the ruffian force  
 Of violence foil'd from place, 'till now the seats  
 Of honour by the cringe of knaves are fill'd,  
 And meanness, when in place, is merit's grief.  
 But few soar blameless on the tow'ring wing  
 Of proud ambition, for too prone, alas!  
 Is man, to overleap the mounds of right.

Come, Wisdom, and pronounce, If those are blest,  
 Who glory in the elegance of life.  
 See, Altamont in all his princely state:  
 His ample seat, and pompous furniture,  
 His gardens and his waters, Phebus rais'd  
 To his meridian glory never saw  
 Equall'd as yet. On massy pillars rears  
 The swelling dome, in all the column'd pride  
 Of th' ancient taste sublime, where, come from far,  
 The stranger stops, he gazes and is dumb.  
 Frequent was Europe rang'd, and all the east  
 In search of plans, drawn by proportion's rule,  
 And with the strokes of genius finely touch'd.  
 With cornice capt, and fretted in the frieze

The

The fabric stands ; lofty the spacious rooms,  
 And glowing with the life the pencil gave ;  
 The fair creations wrought by master-hands ;  
 Such costly pieces as nor Greece nor Rome  
 In all their height of lux'ry e'er beheld.  
 In gorgeous beauty laughs around the shine  
 Of China, silver vases, and the wealth  
 Of Egypt's marble polish'd. Issuing thence,  
 Behold, the rural pomp of garden spread  
 Afar, the lawny prospects opening wide,  
 Where range the fallow herds and crop the thyme  
 Sweet-breathing in the gale. Here Druid oaks,  
 Hoar fires of ancient growth, and half decay'd,  
 The marks of ancient state, the lawn adorn :  
 There pleasing intricacies intervene,  
 Nooks, windings, mossy walks, and bow'ring shades,  
 With blooms and flow'rets of the vernal year.  
 Nor was there wanting there the green delight  
 Of plants exotic, whilst through muffling boughs  
 Pleasing, outlooks the temple or the bust.  
 Beyond, high-arch'd with trees and deep-embrown'd  
 Up-rears a forest-hill, where woodland birds

Mellow



Mellow their pipes ; far at the mountain's foot  
 Expands a long canal, and bright-reflects  
 In its green mirror all the landscape round.  
 Lo, here and there, dash'd by the rude cascade  
 A rockwork roughens, bosom'd in a nook,  
 And lost among the shrubs ; whilst on a cliff  
 Far-distant station'd but within the ken,  
 In horrid grandeur rise mishapen rocks,  
 A dreary prospect, like the batter'd state  
 (Half into ruins fall'n,) of ancient tow'rs.  
 Each morn and eve, sweet music cheers the heart :  
 Maidens and men assist, or in the hall  
 Trilling the song, or on the galley'd pool,  
 Or the proud summit of a neighbouring hill  
 With groups of fir adorn'd : the gentle lute,  
 And soft reorders now the soul becalm,  
 Then louder in its turn the full-blown horn  
 Tumbles the forest-note, whilst from afar  
 Echo small-voic'd well-mimicks ev'ry sound.

Say, is the son of pomp with these at rest ?  
 Well did the wisdom of the east proclaim

These

These vanity, and grief of heart to man.  
 See, Altamont these beauteous scenes survey ;  
 He looks, admires, reflects on death, and grieves :  
 Again he looks, again reflects and grieves.  
 Like beauty grown familiar to the eye  
 No more these scenes enchant. Again the taste  
 He varies, and again the prospects tire :  
 Thus alters, likes, dislikes, laments, and dies  
 Pitied by Angels. What was meant for Heav'n  
 With things terrene can never find content.  
 Soon grieves th' immortal soul with mortal Joys.  
 Perhaps his day of joy is overcast  
 By cloudy disappointment, as of yore  
 The dire hand-writing on the wall alarm'd  
 The impious feasting Prince, when madly reel'd  
 The beastly riot through his Palace-hall.  
 Th' insatiate Crassus once and others found  
 Their wealth no proof against the storms of Fate  
 Which overturn'd their pride. Perhaps he grieves  
 That soon this well-wrought elegance might shine  
 The portion of a fool ; this reservoir  
 Of beauty, taste, and show might elsewhere flow

And

And own another Lord ; thus is the pride  
Of life for ever transitory found.

This costly dome where strength and beauty join,  
The residence of state, in time shall mourn  
Its proudest honours fled, its strength decay'd,  
And totter to its fall : the sweeping winds  
Shall find a pass, and rush through ruinous halls.  
Rank on the battlements, half-moulder'd down  
Long grass shall stand, and sigh in ev'ry breeze.  
There haunt by day the ravens and the daws,  
By night the bats and owls, with horrid scream,  
The silent hour disturb ; no human voice  
Heard there, no print of human feet perceiv'd.  
A dreary solitude : All then will be  
A skeleton of greatness, shrunk remains  
Of earthly state, and in the end no stones  
On fellow-stones remain, where nods the thorn,  
And graceless thistles check the pilgrim's step.

Does joy complete beam from the dazzling glare  
Of wealth amass'd ? 'Tis by the wife confess'd,

C

A com-

A competence is needed ; but, when wealth  
 Is grown superfluous, 'tis to mortal man  
 A splendid evil, an excessive weight  
 Of racking cares : a wretch the miser lives,  
 And his lean manner all the world offends.  
 Soon must he quit, (how hard for him to quit !)  
 His fordid pride of acres ; soon must fail  
 His golden Idols to withdraw his heart.  
 With care he sows, but knows not who shall reap :  
 Hence pines his grief : lock'd in his wealthy chest  
 No more his mind excursive roams in search  
 Of subjects in distress, and still remains  
 Unconscious of the godlike joy which flows  
 From bounty well-applied : though to his chin  
 In ever-flowing wealth, he starves for thirst  
 Of more, which yet he never dares to taste.  
 Scar'd is his mind with night-disturbing fear  
 Of future want, or robbers in the dark  
 Forcing his strong-barr'd doors : his Bible deeds,  
 And rental faith, the only faith he knows,  
 He more than duly rates : these to support  
 He persecutes the orphan, but with woe  
 Him Heav'n pursues, by adding to his wealth,  
 Which



Which, as it grows, improves his discontent.  
 These are his mis'ries ; these the mind's disease,  
 For which no human art can find a cure.

Say, is the high-fill'd bowl of mad excess  
 The certain source of joy unmixt to man ?  
 Amidst the laugh the human heart is sad :  
 The glutton eats disease, the drunkard quaffs  
 Poison admir'd. What is the rustic hall  
 Of Bacchanalian glee, where reason swims,  
 And mirth is open'd uproar, but the sty  
 Of human brutes ? Lo, in the intemp'rate bowl  
 Death sparkles brilliant, and life flows away,  
 As flows the poison'd stream from Circe's cup.  
 Midnight excess is folly in the dark.  
 Excess, maim'd limbs, short life go hand in hand,  
 Reason impair'd, and fortune unretriev'd.

But here we altogether not condemn  
 The social glee in reason's bounds preserv'd,  
 By decency chastis'd ; the flow of soul

In wisdom's modest cup, By converse held  
 Lessen'd is human grief, and knowledge thrives,  
 When souls conversing meet, and man to man  
 His inmost heart reveals : Well whetted shines  
 The edge of human genius, and the wit  
 High-utter'd shakes the genial board ; whilst spleen  
 And malice banish'd fly to Hell, their home.  
 Such bliss for man Heav'n wise design'd, but he  
 Who by excess his wit destroys, and mars  
 His virtue, is a brute in human form.  
 All high attempts, and noble views are sunk,  
 When man falls downward, and with grov'ling brutes,  
 The heir of Heav'n pronounc'd, holds converse mean.

No less unhappy, and no less disgrac'd  
 The human kind, when pleasure's Siren voice,  
 Sweet warbling, on the rock of danger draws  
 Th' unheedful wand'ring youth, and into sense  
 Melts down his reason : from th' unhallow'd flame  
 Flows ev'ry ill, health, fame, and fortune sunk,  
 Wreck'd in th' oblivious pool. No heir the youth,  
 Mad in the chace of pleasure, leaves behind,

The

The remnant of his fortune to enjoy,  
 And the hoar honours of his ancient house.  
 Desire indulg'd is multiply'd desire ;  
 Desire thus multiply'd must oft' be cross'd  
 By virtue's stern repulse ; desire thus cross'd  
 Is torture to the Soul, bent on the aim,  
 The fruitless aim at lawless Joys denied.  
 But grant, success attends the foul attempt  
 On frailer virtue, say, what is the man  
 Of pleasure deem'd ? a beast got loose to prey  
 Fierce on the folds of virgin innocence ;  
 A fiend tormented in his burning passions ;  
 A pestilential vapour breathing death  
 On the delightful bloom of vernal youth ;  
 Nature in ruins ; glory off its sphere ;  
 A shop of poison ; and a house of woe.

Say, high-renown'd ye Sages, If to know  
 Is perfect good to man ? 'Twas wisely sung,  
 In greater knowledge there is greater pain,  
 And study tires the flesh. Blind is the state  
 Of erring mortals, and the wisest err,

Frequent where fools would not : thus as the fun  
 Has spots, true genius many a foible shades.  
 Our wisdom human folly serves to shew,  
 And human folly known increases grief.  
 Lo, higher knowledge mortifies the pride  
 Of the vain heart elate, by shewing man  
 How little man can know. Full well of old,  
 The sage most wise did th' Oracle pronounce,  
 Who own'd he nothing knew. This age is built,  
 With mighty boast, a system of the brain :  
 The next, the Babel structure tumbles down,  
 O'erthrown by jealous wit. 'Tis ill agreed,  
 What th' ancients taught, and what are nature's laws;  
 What's reason, what is instinct, nature, God :  
 We wrangle, vary, rave, we doubt and die.

See, beauty blown in all the flow'rs of May,  
 And fashion'd in the mould of symmetry,  
 With gentle lightning quick'ning in the eye.  
 Beauty for constant admiration sues,  
 But admiration never brings content.  
 'Tis golden fruit, fair in a garden hung,

But



But rudely pluck'd, if with the dragon eye  
 Of virtue 'tis not guarded. Danger thus  
 Its brilliant state attends ; but, when it fades,  
 'Tis sorrow in its darkest hour ; and quick  
 Its meteor-like appearance shoots and dies.  
 Like blossoms lash'd from trees by vernal storm,  
 Or grass fell'd by the scythe in summer morn,  
 It drops, it withers, and must bloom no more.

An heathful body is a fine machine,  
 Corded with well-wrought strings in proper tune,  
 Innum'rous through the frame ; but when the strings  
 Relax, as oft' they must, unjust are then  
 Its finer movements, and through ev'ry part  
 Disorder springs extended, till with pain  
 Keen shoot the nerves, and sicken all the heart.  
 Health is presumption prompting to excess  
 And heedless deeds, which give the sore complaint  
 To pour its roar, and herald-like proclaim,  
 That death's sad sable train is near, and life  
 Its terminating pillars soon must reach.

But then 'tis sung, though man in high estate  
 Is oft' unblest'd, yet in the vale of peace  
 Happy is humble life. The swain at eve  
 Hies to his cot attended by his dog,  
 Pleas'd that his task is finish'd, and his heart  
 Nor mad ambition fires, nor wealth increas'd  
 Loads with its racking cares; nor fev'rish hopes  
 Or fev'rish fears he feels within, his fears  
 But of a ghost which haunts the gloomy cave;  
 Not of the fons of violence in the dark  
 Forth-issuing to destroy, nor of the state  
 By civil broils convuls'd; for, as he lives  
 To life unknown, he mostly life enjoys:  
 Easy his meals digest by labour earn'd,  
 And sound are all his slumbers and secure;  
 His sleep a lux'ry oft' unknown to state.  
 Kindly his faithful mate his welcome home  
 For ever hails, and sweet his innocents  
 His blessing crave, and climb for grace around  
 Lisping their heart-felt Joy. 'Tis granted, here  
 True Happiness assumes a specious form:

But

But oft' with woe oppress'd is humble life ;  
 For near the yew the village has its graves,  
 Where grief sincere is vented by the swain.  
 In every cot the human passions dwell,  
 And 'tis confess'd, where these exceed their bounds,  
 They cast in shades the colour of our Fate.  
 Though seldom there the passions run such lengths,  
 Nor drive such stormy horrors o'er the world,  
 As in high life, yet frequent there they ply  
 Their short excursions ; there, though less, we see  
 The bite of malice, and the swell of pride ;  
 The livid hue of envy, and the storm  
 Of anger ; nay, ambition there is seen  
 To try his mimic flights : thus struts the swain,  
 Clad in his Sunday's coat, a rural beau,  
 Full of his rural worth : his envy bursts,  
 When, bless'd with fortune's smiles, his friend becomes  
 The Squire's, or Parson's minister of state.

But streighen'd poverty is often there,  
 The cry of starving infants for their bread ;  
 Sicknefs unaided by the healing art,

And

And nakedness which shivers in the breeze,  
 With hard oppression from th' unfeeling great.  
 Thus life here groans an hospital of woe,  
 And human nature in her dishabille  
 Here shews herself: hence are the private walks  
 Of man with sorrow darken'd, and the voice  
 Of lamentation sounds among the shades.

Youth is not fully blest'd as yet, but hopes  
 For real bliss, when ripen'd into man:  
 Lo, manhood comes in all his haughty tread  
 Of firm-built strength, and health; but real good  
 In manhood is not found, free from the wish,  
 The racking wish of something unpossess'd.  
 Not happy now a man commenc'd, he longs  
 To see the reverend slow approach of age,  
 That age may bring a plenitude of Joy.  
 It comes, but not the bliss he vainly wish'd:  
 With age arrive the snarl of peevish spleen,  
 And the decrepit stoop of health infirm,  
 With all the maladies of hoary locks.

Thus



Thus human life in all its varied forms  
 Is never wholly blest'd : who breathes must think,  
 Who thinks must breathe in sighs : each want re-  
       mov'd,

A vacancy prepares for other wants  
 Which soon, too soon succeed : who has a train  
 Of offspring has a train of mighty cares :  
 He who has none is seldom well at ease.  
 Worn out with labour hapless are the poor,  
 And hapless are the great when at a loss  
 To drag the tedious hour : deceiv'd is he,  
 Frequent who in his human friendship trusts,  
 And friendship broken is the Hell of minds  
 With the black passions into uproar rising.  
 Varied is human life, a chequer'd scene  
 Of sorrow and of Joy : thus have I seen,  
 Or in the vernal or autumnal year,  
 The rural landscapes in a varied state :  
 Here gilded by the solar lustre shine  
 The vales and hills, the villa's, tow'rs and rocks ;  
 There shaded by the clouds the vales and hills,

Villa's

Villas and tow'rs are spher'd in running glooms,  
And browner horrors deepen through the woods.

But tell me, does not Joy all-perfect flow  
From virtue practis'd well ? 'Tis rightly fung,  
Virtue, imperfect in the best, can yield  
But an imperfect good ; for passion shares  
In th' empire of the heart, and oft' dethrones  
The reasoning pow'r within, and reason foil'd  
Man's mis'ry is begun. Virtue way-laid  
By vice is oft' surpris'd, and oft' forgets  
The vengeful thunder of the skies, or hopes  
'Tis distant far, although she walks by faith.  
Thus with man's nature virtue is conjoin'd,  
And human nature has her weaker side.

But ills unnumber'd ever will attend  
This mortal state, though man in virtue's paths  
For ever treads. Thus oft' the temp'rate groan,  
Toft on the bed of anguish : Malice hunts  
The peaceful from its deepest solitudes :  
The faithful with Hosannahs on their tongue

By

By persecution bleed : Honour and truth  
 Unheeded lurk in shades : and Science pines  
 In his lone cheerless cell, clad in the rags  
 Of shiv'ring penury, whilst fools and knaves  
 Swell in their pomp of greatness. Virtue then  
 Is happiness begun, not finish'd here :  
 Now in its infancy, mature in Heav'n.  
 'Tis bliss now in its outlines, rude essay !  
 The finish'd piece in Heav'n is only found.  
 'Tis glory here, but in its early dawn,  
 Hereafter in its high meridian blaze,  
 Illustrious in the hemisphere above.

But, Heav'n, still grant me wisdom's firm resolve  
 To stop where virtue leads ! What Joys we taste  
 From virtue chiefly flow : With her mankind  
 With meek content are bless'd, with hearts enlarg'd,  
 Passions well-steer'd, affections balanc'd just,  
 And high-plum'd hopes. Where virtue rules within,  
 There conscience whispers soft her kind applause.  
 Virtue's a brightness which from God's high throne  
 Fair-breaking fills the mind with purest day,

Gilds

Gilds the dark vale of death, and ev'n beyond  
The grave deep-shadow'd throws a glimm'ring ray.

Tell me, O thou Empyreal Power, how man  
Must find the road to virtue, bliss, and Heav'n,  
Unerring in his search. Say, should not man,  
To follow virtue, first his God adore ?  
And how adore, unless he understands,  
There is a God : and where is he perceiv'd  
But in the works we see ; in all the frame  
Of nature visible ; not in the cant  
And Jargon of the schools ? Thee, Nature, thee,  
Studios I still adore, and the great mind  
Which form'd thy vast design : Thee let me trace,  
And thy wise laws, sequester'd in the wilds  
Of Hermit contemplation, truth and peace.  
The sight of nature is the sight of God,  
And this fair sight to virtue leads, and Heav'n.  
Then be it mine to scan great Nature's works,  
The grand designs of rectitude supreme ;  
That virtue may direct my steps to Heav'n.

Say,



Say, what the cause, why yonder moon of late,  
 Seem'd bow'd into a curve, and hung in Heav'n  
 With light in scant allowance, but with pomp  
 All-splendid now up-mounts, a radiant sphere,  
 And o'er the world pours out the mimic day,  
 Hills, rocks, and vallies sweet-illum'd around,  
 Yon Ocean glittering with her silver beams,  
 And yonder forest bursting into view.  
 Why now this Queen of Heav'n, with all her stars,  
 A glowing populace, appear so bright,  
 When whilom instantly they disappear'd ;  
 And sudden darkness terrified the world ;  
 Rocks, hills, and trees quick ravish'd from the sight ;  
 Birds screech'd their fears, and ghosts horrific glar'd.  
 Tell me, why yonder comet's ominous blaze,  
 With sweeping length of glories in the sky,  
 Appears but seldom, then 'tis lost for years,  
 A fullen wand'rer o'er the heights of Heav'n :  
 Why yonder lesser lights, which deck the sky,  
 Some shed a languid, some a twinkling beam :

Why

Why thinly here are sown the stars, but there,  
 Scatter'd profuse, they powder o'er the skies ;  
 And these, like continels, for ever fix'd  
 Stand faithful at their post, but those desert  
 Their lucid stand, the wand'ring host of Heav'n.  
 Tell me, why at yon point to-morrow's sun,  
 Sprung from his bridal chamber in the east  
 With beamy tresses deck'd, will first appear,  
 When ere six months have roll'd, at yonder peak  
 Far distant more to south, his morning beams  
 Will stream oblique, with glory less admir'd :  
 Why here the globe is rock'd with endless storm,  
 Half overturn'd the mountains, woods, and seas,  
 The winds still howling from their blust'ring caves ;  
 Or hoary there the earth is bound in frost,  
 And ocean glitters with eternal Ice  
 Roll'd into solid wave ; whilst here the globe  
 For ever burns, where vertical the sun  
 Direct flames out, and hot affliction pours,  
 The fiery torrents bursting o'er the head :  
 Why there the sphere for half the year is lost,  
 In one continued dusk of night, and then

The

The other half it brightens with the day,  
 And but one day and night divide the year;  
 Whilst, in the space of twelve revolving hours,  
 Diurnal here the sun his chariot drives  
 Completely o'er the illustrious plains above,  
 And then in equal time forsakes the Heavens  
 Rush'd to the Atlantic foam: so quick appear  
 The splendid revolutions of the skies:  
 Why o'er the dark arrangements of the globe  
 December throws his solemn glooms, the Heav'ns  
 Throng'd with continu'd clouds, when human hearts  
 Sink with th' oppressive load, and diverse brutes  
 Hie to the forest-den for winter sleep,  
 Till spring begins the morning of the year,  
 And calls them to the business of the chase.

Give me to know why now the air is still,  
 And motionless is all the leafy world;  
 Why yonder monarch oak is now at peace,  
 When late the rebel winds infuriate rage  
 Nigh pull'd him headlong from his knotty throne,

D

His

His branching honours torn, and uprear loud  
 Dreadful was heard through all the sylvan reign;  
 Whilst through yon hollow vale a landflood roll'd  
 Its shining horrors on, increasing still  
 With rills loud-rushing from the mountain-tops  
 With foaming speed. Tell me, why oft' in spring,  
 When show'rs descend to blow the vernal year,  
 Illustrious o'er our heads the Ethereal arch  
 Bestrides the earth, and bends as If the Heav'ns  
 It propp'd incumbent, when, but yesterday,  
 The vast expanse of Heav'n was simply blue:  
 And lighted only with the solar blaze,  
 Why May sends forth her pop'lous youth of flow'rs,  
 Countless in ev'ry mead, and fair on trees,  
 Orchard, or woodland, hangs the blowing gems,  
 When, ere the winter frowns upon the world,  
 The race of flow'rs is lost: Why now the trees  
 In living green are rob'd, their summer dress,  
 But stripp'd in autumn of their leafy pride,  
 Till forest-walks are chok'd with wither'd spoil,  
 And a drear horror reigns through all the grove:

Why



Why winter keens the circumambient air,  
 And yonder hill and grove are wither'd o'er,  
 With fleecy treasures of the northern sky,  
 A shining waste ; when, with to-morrow's sun,  
 We see the vallies pav'd with gems of dew,  
 And liquid pendants beam upon the shrubs :  
 Why now illumin'd bright the vallies smile,  
 When late beneath a sphere of fogs they lay,  
 In grey confusion lost ; and tell me why  
 Yon ocean now just murmurs to my ear,  
 When whilom heav'd with storm it loudly broke  
 In thunder on the hoarse-resounding shore,  
 And threaten'd ruin to this mountain's base :  
 Why Philomel, the woodlark, and the quail,  
 With other songsters of the plain or grove,  
 With hymns now soothe the night, whilst calmly  
     lodg'd

In yonder ash's height the stock-dove sleeps,  
 Nor with sad coo laments her slaughter'd mate :  
 Why these on lowly shrubs the song attempt,  
 Whilst the shrill lark sings mounting up to Heav'n,  
 High o'er th' orchestre of the woodland choir :

Why these, intelligent of seasons, urge  
 Hither their annual flight in phalanx close,  
 From unrejoicing worlds of Scythian snow,  
 Or Caledonia's tempest-beaten isles,  
 Thulè, or Orca, or Betubium's height,  
 The melancholy bound'ries of the north,  
 Along the ever-howling main ; or else  
 From Russia's frozen wilds and nipping skies ;  
 Whilst annual those from Libya's burning sands,  
 Scorpions and stings, and all its Hell of heat,  
 To northern climes direct their summer pass,  
 And there reside, till with his driving mists  
 And keener breath the autumn cools the earth,  
 When on the shelving cliffs and pebbly shores  
 With noisy rendezvous they plan their route,  
 Then homeward bend along th' ethereal road,  
 The sky half-darken'd with the plummy host.

Thus give me ever nature's works to scan,  
 And the wise counsel of the Mind supreme ;  
 For on the scaffold of effects we mount  
 To God, the cause, th' illustrious head of things,

Who

Who ev'ry-where in pomp august appears  
 Of blazing glory. Could we on the beam  
 Of morn slide swift as thought to earth's extent,  
 Or Ocean's utmost bounds, his presence there  
 Would still be felt, his pow'r would still be seen,  
 As well as where I stand, for all is God,  
 Who, omnipresent, reddens in the dawn,  
 And darkens in the clouds, as in the dew  
 Of morn all-pearly shines. God thus found out,  
 I tread in virtue's paths, and virtue leads  
 Safe to the heights of earthly bliss ; and gives  
 A Nebo view of promis'd joys to come.

## NOTES and OBSERVATIONS upon the First BOOK.

Page 16.—Why Heav'n's Eternal form'd man  
what he is :—

Why the Author of nature did originally so frame this constitution of things, as to subject mankind to moral and natural evil, is a point which the greatest Geniuses in all ages have found difficult to decide; and which, perhaps, will never be thoroughly cleared up in this state of imperfect knowledge. As to the Manichean scheme, it seems to be perplexed with more difficulties than any other. It is worthy of notice to consider the wise provision the Framers of our being has made against these evils; for, with respect to the passions and affections, it is certain that most, if not all of them, are plac'd, as it were, a guard over each other, to prevent their respective excesses. Thus pity, fear, and benevolence seem intended for happy restraints upon the otherwise immoderate workings of anger, self-love, and the like. These may be considered as a sort of auxiliaries to the other most useful principles of the mind, reason and conscience, which the Creator has stationed at the



the head of the passions, and by which he intended the passions should be governed. With respect to natural evils, such as pain, sorrow, and death, there is, likewise, provision made, at least, to alleviate them by the means of another principle of the mind, the principle of hope, which for the most part is exceedingly active and constant in its operations.

Page 17.—Some heart-felt griefs from which the  
brutes are free,  
Fall to the lot of man——

It is certain, that, with respect to his present condition, man in some instances is subject to more misery than the brute animals, as he can see his evils at a distance, and as his reason serves so much to point out his wretchedness; but this is a presumptive argument in behalf of a future state, as many Philosophers have judiciously argued.

Page 23.—The solemn Curfew sends its swinging  
roar,——

Notwithstanding other reasons have been assign'd for the Conqueror's, (William the First) enjoining the subjects of his British dominions to put out their fire and candle at eight of the clock in the evening, when

the bell rang, the common reason, given for this practice, seems the most probable, that it was with an intent to prevent cabals and conspiracies from being carried on in the night against his government, which was then unsettled and arbitrary.

Page 26.—The Macedonian Prince with glory  
drunk—

Alexander's conquests were so far from making him an happy man, that, perhaps, he was as miserable as any great man upon record, his mind being in a state of perpetual tumult and madness, of which his affecting to be called the Son of Jupiter, and his murdering his favourite, for refusing him that honour, are proofs.

Page 26.—See, high on yonder down  
An ancient Tumulus—

The mounts, or barrows as they are called, so frequently seen on the downs of Wilts, Dorset, and elsewhere, are generally suppos'd to be the burying-places of Warriors. See Camden.

Page 32.—Th' insatiate Crassus once and others  
found  
Their wealth no proof against the storms of Fate.

Crassus

Crassus was the richest of all the Romans, but lost his life in his expedition against the Parthians, who, upon a supposition that he made war upon them for the sake of plundering them of their wealth, thought it proper to revenge themselves upon him by pouring melted gold into his mouth, of which he died.

Page 52.—Thus on the scaffold of effects we mount

To God the cause——

We can only know that there is a God, from what we see of him in his works : Therefore all proof of the existence of the Deity, from what is called *A Priori*, seems more fitted for the wrangling of the schools, than for the conveying any real knowledge of him to the human mind. The tracing the laws of nature, and the wisdom and power of the eternal in his proper adjustment of things, seems to be the principal ground of devotion ; and it is, besides, the foundation of the most exquisite pleasure to a Philosophical mind,

THE

THE  
SECOND BOOK.

On the Disasters which happen in the  
World, and the Wisdom of the Divine  
Government.

THE ARGUMENT.

Penferoso retires in a summer evening to take a view of the country, now in its utmost deliciousness and beauty: Ponders on the happiness of enjoying the pleasures of rural retirement without interruption: From thence he makes a transition, and reflects upon the devastations and miseries, which, for the punishment of an impious world, are occasioned by war, famine, pestilence, earthquakes, inundations, and the flights of locusts. These Judgments he particularly



cularly describes and accounts for on the principles of Philosophy. The Deity the first cause. Some reflections upon the Epicurean system : The absurdity of chance and atoms. Judgments no proof of a malevolent Deity : productive of a greater good. Man's happiness being superior to his misery, a proof of the goodness of the first Cause.



THE [ 60 ] A  
BOOK the SECOND.

THE sun had now his noon-tide heat with-  
drawn,

And down the steep of Heav'n had well-nigh run  
His golden progress. When with dewy steps  
The ruddy eve advanc'd, the flocks and herds  
Fell to their cool repast, and, in the midst  
Of trees and op'ning lawns, the western fronts  
Of rural seats to setting suns oppos'd

Flam'd gorgeous. Then it was in musing mood  
That Pensive, to a hanging hill,

Where far the view extended, drew his steps.  
Beneath him stretch'd a sylvan length of copse  
Shagg'd with the thorn, or briar's hairy shoots.

Above him thymy downs, with nibbling flocks

Adorn'd, spread odorif'rous : Fallows here,

Rough with the thistle, lie at rest, and there

The bearded grain thick-standing crowns the year.

Yon, from a riv'let runs a winding lawn,

Sweetly

Sweetly ascending till as sweetly loft,  
 Far in a wilderness of browse and trees  
 Embrown'd with ev'ning shade. Thoughtful of man  
 And nature, thus the sage began his tale.

Nature now blooms in all her summer's pride,  
 And plenty fills her horn; the vallies teem  
 With promis'd grain, green, purple, white their hue,  
 The gaudy livery of the smiling year :  
 Diverse, the bellowing herds the pastures spread,  
 Till now urg'd homeward by the ruddy maid  
 Phillis or Cherry, flow are seen to bend  
 The lowing mothers teeming with a weight  
 Of milky treasure : Void of care the swain,  
 Or whistles through the vale, or musing hums  
 Th' unmeditated song : Yon silent grove  
 Darkens an Erebus of solemn glooms,  
 Where the soft horn blown by the liv'ry'd slave  
 Pours at full length the sweetly-mournful note,  
 Answer'd by echo's talk along the heights  
 Of neighb'ring hills : Grateful the woodland choir  
 Soft-trill their ev'ning vespers, whilst the hare

Limps

Limps from the forest glade in silent mood,  
 And fallow droves from thickets seek the lawn  
 In search of verdant supper from the turf.

Safe from the dire alarms of ruthless war  
 Is now the sober joy of rural walks,  
 And no destruction sweeps but from the scythe,  
 Unnoxious: thus 'twas not in days of yore,  
 When peace and safety hence far-banish'd mourn'd,  
 And all the sanguine horrors of a war  
 Glar'd rueful, with the famine's pale distress,  
 And the wide-sweeping plague, her inmate dire.

Though nature's Lord first form'd this state of  
 things  
 From wisdom's highest plan, for in the works  
 Of nature well-design'd we plainly see  
 The full-orb'd wisdom of th' eternal Mind;  
 Yet Heav'n, to rouse an impious world, exhausts  
 His phial'd wrath on man, and with the howl  
 Of dire disaster fills the suff'ring earth.



Be these my theme, and let my moral song,  
 Whilst it laments the mis'ries of the world,  
 Still vindicate the ways of God to man.

O pride of Princes, fatal lust of pow'r,  
 Your tow'ring views disturb the world's repose.  
 What seas of blood are drain'd by thirsty swords  
 Whetted by human pride, and by your hands  
 Heav'n hurls his bolts of wrath on impious men.  
 In yonder field a battle once was fought,  
 And yonder city storm'd; the dreadful scenes  
 I saw, and still uncancell'd on my mind  
 The sad remembrance wears: what numbers fell  
 Biting the ground, when with their glut discharg'd  
 Engines of death plow'd through an host at once!  
 There lay destruction on destruction heap'd  
 Drenching the sanguine plain; here scatter'd round  
 Fragments of limbs appear'd; there bleeding lay  
 The corse in guise unnat'ral, and the face,  
 Though pale in death, yet seem'd to frown revenge;  
 The face where kind humanity should smile  
 Till torn by hungry dogs, or vultures claws

Unknown,

Unknown, unown'd it lies : perverted state !  
 Prospect abhorr'd. Man that should weep at woe,  
 Here madden'd with a fell intent to kill,  
 And proudly glory'd in his thousands slain.  
 Hence the sad parent weeps his heir destroy'd,  
 And the pure virgin her unfinish'd loves :  
 Hence the lone widow without comfort mourns,  
 And from cold charity's unfeeling hand  
 The wretched orphan begs his daily bread.

Lo, yonder once a well-built city stood,  
 But now its sad remains we weep to see :  
 In scatter'd mounds here stones and ashes lie,  
 A mass of ruin ; broken columns there,  
 Lopt tow'rs, and perforated, hang of wall :  
 I saw it storm'd, eye-witness to its death  
 In funeral pyre consum'd, and call to mind,  
 How previous to its last expiring gasp,  
 Lean famine rag'd with pestilence conjoin'd,  
 And where the living ill suffic'd in graves  
 To earth the dead, and shut them from their woe.  
 But scenes more dreadful open'd to the view,

And

And dangers crowded thick, for through a breach  
Fierce plung'd the conquering foes to storm and  
kill :

Thus rush, through fissures torn in Belgian dykes,  
With loud precipitance the forcing floods ;  
A rout of waters, shouting in their run,  
On wasteful ravage bent ; for half are drain'd  
The neighbouring seas, and over half a realm  
The rolling desolation spreads and roars,  
Towns, domes, and men overwhelm'd, as if again  
Chaos confounded all the nether world.  
Methinks I see the victims fall in crouds,  
Murder by hecatombs, for though from death  
They fain would fly, yet met it every-where,  
And nought then struck the ear but shouts and  
groans,  
And nought the eye, but carnage foully gor'd,  
Neighbours and friends promiscuous stretch'd in  
death,  
Who fell, each pious in defence of each.  
The spotless virgin fled the rage of lust,  
But in her fears expir'd ; or, rudely spoil'd

Of virgin glory, fell upon the death  
 Of the fierce sword oppos'd : here on the point  
 Of cruel spears were babes in triumph borne,  
 Who wept themselves to death, or, from the love  
 Of mothers torn, were dash'd upon the stones:  
 There ruffian hands the hoary beards assail'd  
 Of aged fires, and fell'd them to the ground  
 Gash'd by the bloody ax. With shouts is torn  
 The air, deep-blacken'd in a night of smok,  
 But gilded here and there with many a flash  
 From gun explosions, or from burning roofs,  
 For ev'ry princely dome is wrapp'd in flames,  
 The seat of ancient state. How chang'd appear'd  
 The course of things ! for them no Altar's stand  
 Could yield secure retreat, whilst holy church  
 Flow'd with the gush of human blood effus'd ;  
 And holy seats, where erst the faithful pray'd,  
 Were fill'd with ruffians and their horrid oaths,  
 Fill'd too with bristling spears high-rais'd, and swords  
 Bright-flaming edg'd with death, 'till groans instead  
 Of anthems sound, and vice in horrid act  
 Breaks forth, where virtue once was meetly taught.

Though



Though hid in graves the dead are scarce secure,  
 And the hoar pride of statues and of busts  
 Rudely defac'd, or from their niches pluck'd  
 By sacrilegious hands, whilst plunder'd fled  
 The vases sacred held, for ev'ry hand  
 Was fill'd with spoil, or red with bloody deeds.  
 How spoil'd were yonder villa's gay retreats,  
 How stripp'd the garden's pomp! Fell'd, to the ground  
 Statues and corse lie promiscuous roll'd;  
 With blood were stain'd the long canals; with balls  
 Were plow'd the green parterres; the bow'rs o'er-  
 thrown

Hideous appear'd, and by the storm of war  
 The fair creation droop'd of vernal flow'rs.  
 Sad was exchang'd the song of th' ev'ning bird  
 For the sword's clash, or burst of murd'rous guns,  
 The symphony of war; sad was the grain  
 In field surrounding trodden, as the ear  
 Just colour'd into gold; and lowing herds  
 In cruel sport were doom'd to groan in death;  
 For ev'ry ill is felt, when ruffian bands  
 Permitted range the world; when discipline

Is held with slacken'd rein, and fury drives  
His turbid car in whirlwind through the land.

But will such woes the civil world reform?  
Man feels and sighs; he vows and sins again.  
Heav'n thus provok'd more signal wrath displays:  
For now the famine in his bony guise  
Walks o'er the land terrific and destroys  
The needed morsel vainly sought by men,  
Who droop and die in hunger's lean complaint.

Various the causes, but the ruling cause  
Was still the cloud-compelling Sire above.  
'Twas on a time he thus chastis'd the world.  
At first Aquarius and the fish withheld  
Their wat'ry stores, and empty was the urn  
Which hung in Heav'n; hence undisturb'd with  
storm

Placid and calm forth stepp'd the infant year:  
And hence no woolly snow wheel'd from the north;  
Nor rains descending lash'd the mountain's brow,  
Nor the morn sow'd the earth with pearly dew:

The

The swain his furrows tills, but as there falls  
 Nor rain, nor dew, unsocial springs from earth  
 The pupil verdure, and its yellow hue  
 The meagre horrors of a dearth foretells.  
 And, though the primrose times are come, the birds  
 Scarce hail the vernal year, and scarce the rooks  
 High on their airy citadels attempt  
 To ply their vernal labours, whilst the flights  
 Of viewless insects, wafted from the east,  
 Keen in the blast with venomous bite impair  
 The year's green births or purple: hence the spring  
 Emits a faintly blush; hence April buds  
 Are check'd, and pining with a feverish heat  
 The needed herbage fails the hopes of men.

Now Cancer glows with fiery red, and still  
 The breeze refreshing fails to fan the earth:  
 Sore beams the bright severity of heat,  
 Aerial fire, the breath of angry Heav'n,  
 Which smoaks destructive: brass-like are the skies  
 And arid is the earth, through many a mouth  
 Wide-open'd breathing; and the hills and vales

Are clad in ruffet doublets, whilom deep  
 In verdure, and with gorgeous flow'rets crown'd.  
 Vain is the search of fwains for running founts  
 And cooling shades; dumb is the fountain's mouth,  
 And fall'n the leafy comfort of the trees  
 Touch'd by the solar fire: all nature pants  
 Unhing'd her general frame: man, beast, and herb  
 Lie sunk beneath th' ethereal furnace glowing.

But now soon as the Lion rules the year  
 With look terrific, nature feels a change:  
 Marshal the clouds in dark array, the rains  
 In sheets descend, as if the wat'ry times  
 Of Noah were return'd, the thunders roll,  
 And quick the lightnings course along the sky.  
 Creation gladdens with the humid flow  
 Of Heav'n's indulgence; but the joy was short,  
 Too great the last extreme, for, 'till the weight  
 Of Libra held the year, with frequent rains  
 Indulg'd, the rip'ning fields too largely drank,  
 And, though not delug'd always, yet the fan  
 Of th' all-absorbing winds they never felt.

Hence



Hence perish'd all the produce of the soil,  
 Fell'd to the ground by Heav'n's destroying hand,  
 A rotting waste intangl'd: vainly looks  
 The seedsman for the promise of the year;  
 A dreary scene, whilst anguish tears his heart:  
 Felt is the dearth; the wealthy scarce provide  
 A competence abroad; o'er golden heaps  
 The miser more than usual hunger feels;  
 And cates of herbage pluck'd from barren fields  
 The poor sustain, voracious in the meal,  
 Noxious repast continu'd; infants cry  
 Forth-reaching for their bread, but cry in vain;  
 And mothers weep in bitterness of soul,  
 When 'tis not theirs to give the morsel sought.  
 Sore penury in all her meagre stare  
 Stands every-where confess'd: age pines for want,  
 'Till the hoar head with sorrow to the grave  
 Is brought lamented; whilst the lawless rout  
 Full-bent on plunder murmur, at the sight  
 Unaw'd of civil pow'r: hence each proud dome  
 Is guarded strong with arms, else would its lord  
 With all his wealth, devote a victim bleed.

The pris'ner doom'd by lot to die affords  
 Abhorr'd repast, but deem'd luxurious fare :  
 Each cot is fill'd with howling grief, each street  
 With supplications for the boon deny'd,

— But greater ills await : the plague succeeds,  
 Unwholsome fare, and long-continu'd rain  
 The drought succeeding kindle in the blood  
 The fever's raging tumult, and the earth  
 Deep from its caves emits pestif'rous breath ;  
 Noxious effluvia, long imprison'd there,  
 By heat corrupted, and in insect broods  
 Ingender'd foul ; hence poison'd is the air,  
 And Fate is wing'd in ev'ry sighing breeze.  
 Thus air, which should preserve the life of man  
 Becomes the viewless son of vengeance sent  
 To scourge the world. Now first disease afflicts  
 The cottage, and from thence returning fierce  
 Sublime the palace climbs : now o'er the land  
 Death on his pale hoarse mounted drives his course  
 Arm'd with his darts horrific : round him groan  
 The dying nations, and wild-ey'd despair,

Terror and lamentation form his train.  
 Silence is now in ev'ry street, save where  
 The groan sounds from the chamber, and each  
 house

Darkens and groans a Lazarette : the streets  
 Are void, save where the wretch, with frenzy seiz'd  
 And broken out, walks like a ghost unrul'd  
 Wrapp'd in a vestment loose, blaspheming Heav'n.  
 Its cunning each industrious hand forgets,  
 And where the haunt of men once wore the street,  
 Now verdure springs unsightly and uncouth :  
 A solitary scene of woe, the seat  
 Of desolation with his midnight howl.  
 Lo, parch'd with heat, and tossing on his bed  
 The wretch devote appears, and ever drains  
 The cooling fountain, and is thirsty still ;  
 Whilst from his breast the hollow-sounding groans  
 Direful ascend, and from the purple vent  
 Out-bursts the nauseous life : No dawning hope  
 From Heav'n is sent to cheer the drooping mind ;  
 The sable mind still hung with funeral grief,  
 For well they know that all assistance fails.

Sad

Sad at the bed of languishment the friend  
 Visits his dying friend, but hard his Fate,  
 Who takes at once his bane, and last adieu,  
 When the same fever revels through his veins.  
 Whole families by Fate at once are crush'd,  
 And many a house is vacant, where the thief  
 Proceeds in plunder, but the grisly shape  
 Of death his life arrests, and struck with awe  
 His trembling hand spontaneous drops the spoil.  
 Foil'd is the healing art, for now the Leech  
 Enters the house of woe, prescribes and dies:  
 And hung o'er dying infants mothers weep,  
 Then die themselves, and thus are pair'd in death,  
 As pair'd in love they liv'd, and one their grave.  
 Struck by the black impending cloud of Fate,  
 Down falls the stateliest strength that ever stood.  
 Some fly the city, but in rural haunts  
 Walks the disease in darkness, and destroys.  
 Some bar the door against the purple foe,  
 In vain; destruction shrinks and enters there.  
 Fill'd is the Church with devotees, but pray'rs  
 Are now unheard; throng'd were the streets at first  
 With



With funeral shows, and with unnumber'd graves  
 The Church-yards fallow'd, whilst all day and night  
 The solemn knell was heard, 'till check'd by fear  
 Assisting hands no more are found to ply  
 The funeral rite, and lift the mournful bell  
 Into complaint, and tales of man's decease.  
 In fields the helpless vagabonds expire;  
 But yet th' unbury'd corse nor dogs nor birds  
 Devour, for by their instinct taught they shun  
 The hated morsel offer'd, big with fate.  
 Doom'd are the brutes themselves at last to die;  
 Hence the aukward flight of headlong birds de-  
 scends  
 Quiv'ring each plume in death; hence moans the  
 dog,  
 And dying licks his long-lov'd master's feet.  
 In fields the cattle groan, and forests howl  
 Their savage sons expiring, for the shades  
 Of purest woodlands feel the pois'nous gale.

---

Enough! Heav'n weeps at such distress endur'd;  
 And, pitying man, revokes the dread decree

Of

Of death, when woe on earth is bid to cease,  
 Its purple progress check'd, and the black Fates  
 Growling are sent to Hell: the gracious act  
 The council of the skies conven'd applauds;  
 For pity ever rules the throne supreme,  
 Though man with such distress is scarce reform'd;  
 Impious, unhappy man. Now nature chang'd  
 A guise far different wears, for, lo, the air  
 Th' elastic force resumes, as if around  
 The globe 'twas newly spun; up-springs the breeze,  
 And death is fann'd away; the deadly flights  
 Of insect bane thus wasted, or in sea  
 Are drown'd, or die by Heav'n's supreme behests.  
 With life the skies are brighten'd, and, in men  
 That yet are spar'd, exulting spirits rise.  
 Gay looks the world; the birds resume the song  
 Whilom diffus'd, and verdure, bloom, and flow'r  
 The vale adorn: Arcadia opes around  
 With past'als sounding; for, his prosperous state  
 Return'd, the swain now tunes his chearful pipe.

Thus, by the settled destiny of Heav'n,  
 Frequent the dread extremes of sorrow end

In the bright flow of joy. Man needs the lash  
 Of Heav'n's afflicting rod, as well as needs  
 His golden staff supporting: gracious then  
 Is Heav'n in sending pain, since 'tis that man  
 By pain is taught to mend, and relish bliss,  
 By opposition thus right well subsists  
 This state of things; extremes produce a mean,  
 And in a mean the greatest good is found.  
 Whatever Heav'n has done, that must be right,  
 And seeming ills at last effect the good  
 Of the stupendous whole: Thus thunder rolls  
 To cleanse the sick'ning air: Heav'n's flow of love  
 The inundations pour, to drench the root  
 Of vegetation, and with needed stores  
 Of liquid plenty fill each reservoir.  
 The ocean, hurl'd by tempests to and fro,  
 Thus tumbles into health; Vulcanos calm  
 The earth's eternal strife, and earthquakes rock  
 The nations into thought; war, famine, plague  
 With warning sweep clear half the moral world  
 Of all its hurtful dross; needful discharge,  
 When humours of the vicious kind abound.

Could

Could man this complex scheme of things survey,  
 The moral and the natural world, and sound  
 Heav'n's depth of counsel, as an artist weighs  
 The nice contrivance of a work of art,  
 How would he then the high designs adore  
 Of vast infinitude ! But man, whose views  
 Scarce to the measure of an inch extend,  
 Reproves what asks an Angels, ken to see.  
 Thus the untutor'd Indian sees the springs  
 Of a machine well-finish'd, but, untaught  
 Th' intent and use of all its parts, admires  
 Or ridicules this part or that, as works  
 His fancy bold, and proves himself a fool.

But other woes the human race distress.  
 With dreadful hollows, as 'tis said, abounds  
 The nether world, fill'd with Vulcanian stores  
 Of nitrous spume, bitumen, sulphur, steel,  
 And air impregn'd with seeds of thund'rous fire :  
 These once inflam'd, or by collision work'd

Or



Or friction, burst destructive : swift from store  
 To store combustible all-kindled runs  
 The glaring mischief, 'till each dark recess  
 Brightens with flames ; and 'all th' internal air  
 Now in a high fermenting state below,  
 An outlet somewhere must be forc'd above,  
 With mutt'ring loud demanded : hence it is,  
 The earth forc'd by the mineral fury bursts  
 In many a hideous yawn. Thus oft' by Heav'n  
 Ordain'd, to punish guilt in impious men,  
 Up blow the dread Tartarean magazines,  
 Which tear up, and o'erthrow the cumb'rous weight  
 Of cities, with their tow'rs and Mills around.

---

Far o'er the Atlantic where the Spaniard's guilt  
 Delug'd the world with blood, Heav'n, to revenge  
 Such impious murders, walk'd forth in his wrath  
 Spher'd in a dusky cloud, and in the voice  
 Of thunder awful-speaking shook the earth,  
 The earth which op'ning wide its pond'rous jaws  
 A noble city crush'd : but first were giv'n  
 Signs of approaching Fate ; for o'er the earth

A gen'-

A gen'ral silence reign'd, and all the skies  
 Meekn'd deceitful smiles: prelusive now  
 Quick start the gentler shocks, and mutt'ring low  
 The subterranean thunder threatens Fate :  
 Terror the world alarms, for low-reclin'd  
 Rocks ev'ry dome, which swift the people quit  
 For safety in the street ; but with the crouds  
 Choak'd are the streets, and ev'ry-where convuls'd :  
 Here ill-secur'd to neighbouring fields they fly,  
 Yelling their dismal howl ; but all the fields  
 Are equally convuls'd ; dilemma sad !  
 And dire the scene ; the earthquake works below,  
 Above are thund'rous peals, storm, cloud, and fire,  
 Supernal wrath awaken'd ; whilst their pray'rs  
 And cries the people utter, but in vain :  
 At last the fatal moment is arriv'd ;  
 Unfathomably deep the clefts appear  
 Hollow and dark ; instant the city sinks,  
 Domes, tow'rs, and spires flung from their base at  
     once  
 Headlong, enormous, crushing down the gulfs,  
 Insepulchered complete, with hideous sound,

More

More loud than all the thunder ever heard,  
 Drowning the shrieks of men: Up-rolling slow  
 A night of dust is seen, and gath'ring round  
 Darkens the hemisphere, whilst paly flames,  
 High-flash'd between, like wand'ring ghosts appear.  
 Hence luminously frightful glar'd the ruins.  
 Fill'd with the city's wreck, th' infernal realms  
 Groan with the weight, and mutter huge dismay;  
 Whilst, work'd by Hell's dread engine, upward spout  
 The waters from the deepest bed of earth.  
 The neighbouring river, or through roads unknown  
 Is plung'd, or rushes down the deep abyss;  
 Whilst hurl'd from their foundations neighbouring  
 hills

Pond'rous are overturn'd, and hollow vales,  
 Incumber'd with the mass of ruins, mount  
 In hills, and overlook the waste around,  
 Appall'd: the scatter'd rocks, and torn-up trees,  
 In rude disorder lie: the ocean mov'd  
 Murmurs dark fate, like thunder heard remote,  
 When now with horror black a mountain wave,  
 Imbody'd high in one enormous roll,

Is flung tumultuous o'er the appointed bounds,  
 And spreads the country round, now howling loud,  
 A wilderness of waves : The barks unmoor'd  
 Bound o'er the strand, high on the foaming top  
 Of waters borne triumphant, and on fields  
 Far-distant rest, where flocks and cattle graz'd,  
 And shepherds tun'd their pipes ; but now by waves  
 Recoiling, flocks and herds with swains are swept  
 To sea, and perish in the wat'ry world.  
 At last the horror ceases, but in vain  
 The city now is sought, where nought is seen  
 But standing pools, and proof that pride is vain ;  
 For peers and commons are promiscuous sunk,  
 With all the pompous elegance of life.

Say, do not earthquakes prove the earth's decay,  
 And threaten dissolution to the World  
 In future times ? Is earth eternal, when  
 Within 'tis so convuls'd, and oft' its frame  
 Is torn so much without ? Such fev'rous pangs  
 In th' earth, if oft' repeated, must consume,  
 With mining fire, its all-dissolving strength.

Whe



When Lisbon fell, nigh fell with her the globe ;  
 For Atlas nodded fierce with all his pines,  
 His Heav'ns ill-propp'd : through num'rous king-  
     doms reach'd  
 The mighty shake, and in her wide extremes  
 All nature trembled. Other pangs may prove,  
 Or there, or elsewhere fatal, and high o'er  
 The globe a gen'ral conflagration pour,  
 Tremendous, 'till the earth unbalanc'd flies  
 Flung from her centre, 'till all-melted down  
 Her glory ceases, and with mighty noise  
 The Heav'n's are pass'd away ; high-dreadful hour  
 To trembling mortals dying : but this theme  
 The vain disgusts, whilst at the wond'rous tale  
 Wisdom puts on his ever-serious look.  
 Still be it mine to guard against the worst ;  
 For less alarming will be Heav'n's great day  
 To all the wise and good, who 'midst the wreck  
 Of crushing nature feel their minds at ease,  
 And calmly meet their doom : th' immortal mind,  
 Of man her citadel triumphant quits,  
 Which held out to the last against the world.

But other ills afflict, when nature seems  
 To change her course inverted, ills which scourge  
 The world, but less destroy the human race :  
 Such are the tempests founding terrors, such  
 The inundation's rolling woe, and such  
 The glut'nous vengeance of the locust swarms.

Sol's fiery vapours oft' at Heav'n's command,  
 By their exhaling force, rear from the sea  
 Many a mass of clouds up-pil'd on clouds,  
 'Till the dark freights o'erload the groaning skies :  
 With these profus'd is drown'd the suff'ring earth.  
 Far in the east where Ava's banks discern  
 Their flow'rs reflected in the crystal wave,  
 An horrid deluge once o'erwhelm'd the land.  
 But first prophetic silence held the earth,  
 Then gather'd in the Heav'ns the threat'ning  
     clouds  
 With blackest insurrection : dismal sigh'd  
 In fancy's ear, the genius of the storm,  
 And many a distant wood presageful growl'd,

As

As if of woe they warn'd the guilty world.  
 Low from the sea are hollow murmurs heard,  
 And gulls wild-screaming reach the rocky cliffs,  
 Safe from the shocks of elemental war ;  
 Whilst cattle feel the ominous change of air,  
 And snuffing ken the Welkin's lurid face ;  
 'Till homeward now they speed from fields unsafe.  
 Commotion is begun ; the element,  
 Contus'd, now gives the thunder's deep-mouth'd  
       voice

So loud to roar, as if in ruins fell  
 The battlements of Heav'n : the light'nings flame,  
 And torn asunder fly the ragged clouds  
 Bright-gilded with the flash : All Heav'n descends  
 In cataracts of rain, and open'd rise  
 The fountains of the deep : by fits appears,  
 The sun faint-gleaming, and by fits 'tis lost.  
 Destruction groans, confusion runs its rout,  
 And nature seems inverted by the storm  
 Which struggling through the forests tears its way,  
 'Till half their sturdy sons are overthrown  
 With crush enormous down the mountain's side

In length of ruins. Ocean from his bed  
 Up-heaves, and on the founding shores appall'd  
 Loud break the mountain-billows : from their hope  
 Of anchors torn the navies twirl around,  
 'Till, dash'd upon the rocks, the men are whelm'd,  
 And broken fragments drive upon the coast.  
 The proudest domes the scowling winds rebuff  
 But ill-sustain ; their topmost pride descends :  
 The weaker tumble into smoking heaps,  
 Where groaning with his family in death,  
Beneath the ruins lies the wretch devote.

The storm abates, its troublous fury spent,  
 But still the deluge grows : the current tribes  
 Clam'rous rush down the steep of all the hills  
 Resistless, 'till in dang'rous rendezvous,  
 And fullen, all the waters meet ingulf'd.  
 Far round nought but the shining dread of waves  
 Is seen, or herds high-plunging through the deep,  
 Or tree-tops less'ning : many a cot is lost,  
 And borne is half the produce of the land  
 In rueful triumph on the wat'ry world.

Ev'n



Ev'n cities scarce the foaming rage sustain  
Of ruinous floods ; each street a river floats,  
And the wretch flies alarm'd to topmost rooms.

Such woes experience oft' the Indian states,  
And such were thine, Britannia, when the rule  
Of Rufus chain'd the land : 'twas then the winds  
In the first city wasteful horror spread,  
And Kent's green pastures floated first a sea,  
Neptunean conquest still securely held.  
There sedge now grows where once the cowslip  
blow'd,  
And Nereids sport, where once the rural maids  
In flow'ry May tripp'd round the spreading oak.

In diff'rent parts of earth far-diff'rent ills  
Abound. Thus doubtless Heav'n for wisest ends  
Varies his dread rebukes : hence horrid wars  
The northern and the western world alarm :  
A science honour'd much, the art to kill  
There thy youth learn, and murder is a trade,

The commerce of the north. Rough as their skies  
 Are the tempestuous minds of Europe's sons,  
 When griev'd they see their ever-sacred rights  
 Infring'd by tyrants ; but the softer east  
 The brutal force of battle less endures,  
 Fond of the arts of peace ; and filken slaves  
 With bondage are content. Yet there the drought,  
 A fiend hot-breathing, blasts the land adust ;  
 The giant earthquake heaves the incumbent hills,  
 And locusts oft' with fatal bite destroy  
 The year's green promise ; thus from man and  
 beast

Snatching the needed morsel. How such tribes  
 Of clouding locusts swarm, is hard to tell.  
 'Tis said, breath'd from the east there oft' is sent  
 A pestilential blast, fill'd with the seeds  
 Of reptiles gend'ring : favour'd by the state  
 Or of the air or soil, the spawn impregn'd  
 Bursts the thin shell, slow-crawling into life :  
 Warm'd by the sun the reptile children thrive,  
 And try their little feet, or imp'd with wings

Adven-

Advent'rous soar, 'till by their instinct led  
 They chuse their chiefs, and sep'rate into states.  
 Where the wild Tartar drives his bellowing herds  
 Along the boundless wastes, and Oxus rolls  
 His streams through low-hung woods and lonely  
     vales,  
 A locust army once began its rout ;  
 So Heav'n ordain'd, and earth was bid to mourn.  
 At first th' imbodied reptiles wedg'd uprose  
 An hemisphere of life, so large the flight  
 Collected from afar, and with the wind  
 Wheel'd westward threat'ning: o'er a pomp of  
     realms,  
 Mountains and cities, pass'd th' amazing gloom,  
 The boding nations trembling in the shade ;  
 'Till now with vast circumference on earth  
 The hungry terror falls : before them blooms  
 The earth a Paradise of fruits and flow'rs,  
 Behind it howls a wilderness of woe,  
 Its fruits and flow'rs destroy'd. Through all the  
     land  
 The desolation runs its burning length.

Vainly

Vainly the cannon scatters smoaking death,  
 And swains with uncouth instruments of rage  
 The glutton tribes assail: myriads succeed  
 Where thus a few are slain: leafless appear  
 The widow'd trees, and scath'd their naked tops,  
 As if dry age had thrown their honours down  
 To rise no more. Thus fares the forest oak  
 Or mountain pine, when flung from injured Heav'n  
 Ethereal fire sheer-blasts their verd'rous growth,  
 Their limbs gigantic of their leafy robes  
 Stripp'd immature; the blasted plain deplores  
 The naked desolation seen around.

Ev'n royal gardens mourn their glory lost :  
 For on the green parterre's delicious spread,  
 And the sweet op'ning joy of flow'ring groups,  
 Unceremonious pour the hungry tribes  
 On pillage bent, and chew the shining blooms  
 Incessant 'till devour'd. Touch'd by the bite  
 Iavenom'd, all the soil for many a year  
 Its vegetation fails: hence cattle droop  
 In hideous moan for loss of food; the ox

Though



Though brawny by a reptile overcome ;  
 Famine ensues dire-yelling through the land,  
 Join'd with her black attendant, horrid death.

Decamp'd the reptiles pass ; no fix'd abode  
 Heav'n's host of vengeance know, and where they  
 light

Dry ruin marks their rout. The land devour'd,  
 They meet the bounding sea, and take to wing  
 In search of food on some far-distant shore :  
 In vain ; tir'd in the long ethereal rout  
 The flying squadrons lag, confusion grows,  
 And discipline is lost : headlong they fall  
 Rain'd on the sea profuse ; first fall the weak,  
 At last down come the strong, and pil'd above  
 They tread on death ; as yet unsunk they float  
 A breathing isle, and many a league around  
 The groaning ocean load, but sink at last  
 And glut the fish themselves, who lately starv'd  
 Full many a wealthy province where they pass'd.

Thus

Thus desolations grieve the human race.  
 Say, must the skies be blam'd for pouring woe?  
 'Tis taught, that never by malevolence mov'd  
 Heav'n lifts the rod: good-will to man on earth  
 Is the song utter'd in the Empyreal world.  
 From vice all evils flow, when, to chastise  
 An impious world, nature is oft' allow'd  
 Lawless to deviate from her wonted course.  
 Thus, that the moral laws might gather strength,  
 Wisely a while the natural are withheld.  
 But though permitted from above, a store  
 Of plagues let out oft' fly abroad on earth,  
 Yet 'tis no pleasure to the throne supreme  
 That man is scourg'd, nay, there is grief in Heav'n,  
 When guilty men on earth are sore distress'd;  
 But Jubilee, when kind relief is sent.  
 The good prepollent, which mankind enjoy,  
 Loudly proclaims that in the eternal Mind  
 Prepollent goodness rules: man weeps a day,  
 But smiles a year in turn; for tears of grief  
 Seldom o'erflow the eye's pellucid urn.

If once the human face the Ethiop gloom  
 Of sorrow wears, it brightens with the gleams  
 Of joy a thousand times : seldom the strife  
 Of storm or earthquake shakes the reeling globe ;  
 Seldom the plague depopulates the world,  
 And famine seldom shews his haggard face.

Thus it is rightly sung, that human joy  
 Outweighs the human sorrow. If to Heav'n  
 Ill-will belong'd, then always Egypt plagues  
 Would hover o'er the world ; but stubborn fact  
 The truth suppos'd confutes. Heav'n weighs our pains  
 And pleasures in a scale ; when now the first  
 Rais'd nimbly strike the beam, but with their  
 weight

Downward the last subside : thus, as by men  
 Superior bliss is still enjoy'd, 'tis plain  
 The Lord of nature is supremely good.  
 Rebels to truth, Lucretian sons, declare,  
 Are those dire plagues which vex the howling earth,  
 A proof that there is not a Pow'r above,  
 Or that the very gods in nectar steep'd

Leave

Leave earthly government to random chance?  
 Tenets abhorr'd, squeez'd from the grossest brain:  
 Chance, senseless word, a covert mazy, dark,  
 Where wily error hides when hot pursu'd,  
 'Till caught and held in triumph. Where is chance,  
 When in the plan of nature there appears  
 An harmony of parts, and wise design  
 Beams through the mighty whole? Were chance  
     believ'd,  
 The earth would then become a dreary waste,  
 And man expos'd to ev'ry roaming woe;  
 For on this doctrine held as on a rock  
 Founder'd are faith and conscience. Heav'n at  
     first  
 Contriv'd the earth as perfect as 'twas meet,  
 But ne'er design'd it ever to exist;  
 And what is not eternal must display  
 The marks of wasting time. Laws sometimes  
     chang'd,  
 Or else suspended in the earth's machine,  
 Must clod its movements, and proclaim aloud  
 Its ruin threaten'd: but the Pow'r who first

To



To nature gave her laws, should oft' those laws  
 A while suspend, if thus the gen'ral good  
 Be well effected ; and 'tis wise in Heav'n  
 That impious mortals for their crimes should grieve.

If in the management of things below  
 The Pow'r supreme no anxious care employs,  
 What else engages his eternal thought ?  
 One glance of thought in him conducts the whole.  
 The world he made, and shall his noble works  
 No special care demand ? The world we see  
 Is well preserv'd, which speaks the act of God,  
 As much as when he built its lofty frame,  
 An equal pow'r is needful to uphold  
 As to create at first this range of things,  
 The system of the world : thus 'tis as hard  
 To check the Planetary orbs which roll  
 Down the dread steep of Heav'n, and bring them  
 back,

From the long journey or of months or years,  
 Punctual at stated times, as 'twas at first  
 To round them into form, and push them forth

Pompous

*David Davies*

Pompous along th' interminable void ;  
 As hard still to maintain the fires of Heav'n,  
 Which gild the dusky horrors of the night,  
 For many a thousand years, as erst it was  
 To light them up, where Chaos and old Night  
 Sat brooding on the desolate abyss,  
 Say, what are Nature's laws but laws of God?  
 And what Attraction but his golden chain,  
 With which he holds the clust'ring worlds on high,  
 Or leads them bounding through th' ethereal road?  
 Th' immortal God of Gods nor trouble knows  
 Nor pain endures, when thus he wheels exact  
 The grand machin'ry of the universe,  
 And winds its motions up ; for ev'ry-where  
 Subsists the God supreme, in things minute,  
 As in the most stupendous works of Heav'n.  
 The Pow'r high thron'd, which blazes in the sun,  
 Shines in the glow-worm on the bank at eve :  
 What rides sonorous in the dreadful storm,  
 Soft-whispers in the breeze : The Pow'r which  
                   heaves  
 High-tossing on the sea, purls in the rill  
Slow-

Slow-creeping through the moss, and that which

spires

Lofty in oaks or cedars, broods in shrubs

Lowly beneath their shade ; the pow'r in each

Is still the same, though diff'rent in degree.

A Being thus in ev'ry place at once

With ease the universe can over-rule :

'Tis but to move himself to move the world :

The more minute the things which ply his care,

More condescending goodness crowns the act ;

More reverence hence is due to him from man.

'Tis thine, O man, to mend when Heav'n corrects ;

But, slow, amendment with his splendid train

Of virtues comes on earth ; man feels the rod,

Resolves on wisdom, but forgets his vow :

O man, creation's glory and its shame ;

Inform'd by reason, but by passion rul'd,

Illustriously advanc'd to folly's seat,

And much a contradiction to himself :

Offended, if too well pronounc'd a fool,

But proudly glories in his folly wrought ;

G

And

And virtue still applauds, but vice pursues.  
 Not so the wiser few ; they feel the rod,  
 Resolve and mend, 'till here in wisdom's school  
 Well-train'd, accomplish'd they hereafter shine,  
 High-seated in the amaranthine bow'rs,  
 And joyfully begin th' eternal year.

## NOTES



## NOTES and OBSERVATIONS upon the Second BOOK.

This part of the Poem is rather more descriptive than any other, but intermixt with vindications of the divine Providence, in opposition to the tenets of Lucretius, and other writers of the Epicurean system. It is imagined there is not any impropriety in the being so minute and particular in describing the miseries which happen to mankind, as the imaginary person is then acting in character. Virgil, it is true, is more general in his description of a storm in the first book of the *Æneis*, and in this he displayed his judgment, since a too particular description of the storm would have made too large a gap in the chain of his story; but in this soliloquy the case is different, as here the descriptions were intended to constitute the essence, and not merely the adjuncts of the Poem. However in other instances we see Virgil very particular in his descriptions, and especially in his *Georgics*, where he describes the Scythian winter, the murrain among the cattle, and

the like ; which can never be too much admired by such as have a taste for Poetical painting and variety of numbers.

Page 69.—Whilst the flights  
Of viewless insects wafted from the east.

The modern improvements of Optical glasses have ascertained this truth in Philosophy, that the destruction of the vegetable kingdom is owing to the innumerable flights of Animalcules, or small insects in the air, invisible to the naked eye, and wafted from the east. Hence it is that the leaves and the fruit on trees, and sometimes the corn is blighted, in consequence of which a dearth happens in the world.

Page 70.—But now, soon as the Lion rules the  
year  
With look terrific, nature feels a change.

Some writers of the English history tells us, that the terrible famine, which happened in the reign of Edward the Third, was in this manner. After a long drought, there came a long rain, which began before harvest, and lasted, but with a few  
flight.

slight intermissions, 'till the month of December; whereby the fruits of the earth were destroyed, and a famine ensued, so terrible in its nature, that prisoners devoured one another, and the poor lived upon roots, vermin, and the grass of the field, and such-like unwholesome fare, which ended in a dreadful plague. This indeed seldom happens in our climate, but often in the eastern parts of the world.

Page 72.—And the earth  
Deep from its caves emits pestif'rous breath.

We have it upon record, that in the city of Agri-gentum there happened a great plague, but, upon a learned Philosopher's (Empedocles) advising the stopping up some openings in a neighbouring mountain, through which unwholesome winds issuing brought the contagion, the pestilence entirely ceased. See Mead on the Influence of the Sun and Moon.

The famous plague which, in the year 1349, began in Asia, and spread itself every way over most parts of the known world, which, as it was computed, swept away twenty millions, and no less than fifty-seven thousands in London and Norwich, be-

sides what died of it in other parts of the kingdom, was supposed to be occasioned by some extraordinary infection, generated universally in the air of the atmosphere.

Page 75.—But yet the unbury'd corse nor dogs  
nor birds  
Devour.

This circumstance of the brute animals refusing to touch a human body dead of the plague is related by Lucretius and others.

Page 76.—For lo the air  
Th' elastic force resumes.

It has been observed that, during the time of the plagues raging in cities, the air is remarkably calm, without any motion; but, upon the abatement of the plague, the air resumes its usual motion.

Page 76.—The deadly flights  
Of infect bane thus waisted

For the understanding of this passage, it is here supposed, according to the opinion of modern Philosophers, that the effluvia by which contagion is spread, consist of Animalcules of a poisonous quality.



Page 77.—Whatever Heav'n has done, that must  
be right.

Nothing can be a greater proof of the wise conduct of the Deity in his government of the world, than his making natural calamities subservient to moral purposes ; thought and reformation of manners, among men, being oftentimes the result of extraordinary afflictions.

Page 82.—Say, do not earthquakes prove the earth's decay ?

Aristotle's doctrine of the eternity of the world, methinks, should lose ground amongst all such as consider the ruinous state of the earth, occasioned by those dreadful convulsions which sometimes happen in its internal parts. The body of the globe must in the end be destroyed by its internal complaints, breaking out perhaps into a general conflagration.—Tacitus tells us of twelve cities in Asia being swallowed up in a night, and all at one time, and the hills were overturned.

Page 87.—And Kent's green pastures floated first  
a sea.

Earl Goodwin's lands, in Kent, in the reign of King Rufus, were swallowed up by a wonderful deluge, or a breaking in of the sea. They still remain under water in that part of the sea, which is called the Downs, or Goodwin's Sands. At the same time there were many hundred houses blown down in the city of London by the fury of the winds.

Page 88,—how such tribes  
Of clouding locusts swarm is hard to tell.

It is generally supposed that a corrupted state of the atmosphere in the eastern climates is the nursery of all these seeds of reptiles, which, generating into life, appear in such astonishing swarms of locusts at some particular seasons to the great distress of mankind.

We are informed by Thevenot, that, in that part of Scythia which is now inhabited by the Cossacks, there are infinite numbers of them, especially in dry seasons, which the north-east wind brings over from Tartary like a vast cloud, sometimes fifteen or eighteen miles long, and about ten or twelve miles broad; so that they darken the sky, and obscure the  
brightest

brightest day. Wherever they light, they devour the corn in less than two hours, and frequently occasion a famine in the country.

Page 91.—The land devour'd,  
They meet the bounding sea

We have it related, that sometimes these vast swarms of locusts, being tired in their flight over the sea, drop down and perish in the waters, to the happy deliverance of man and beast.

Page 93 —Rebels to truth, Lucretian sons, declare.

Lucretius's asserting that the afflictions, which befall mankind, disprove the existence of a superintending Providence, seems the result of very little reflection: for, if the Deity is not employed in the government of his own works, we shall be at a loss to determine what else he is employed about; and to assert that this great system of things has no being at the head of it, as well as no framer at first, is speaking in a very unphilosophical manner,

THE

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THE

## THIRD BOOK.

On M A N's Mortality here, and  
his Immortality hereafter.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Penferoso retires, in a gloomy day, to a country church-yard, and takes a view of the ruins that are occasioned by death; making such reflections as are suitable to the objects which present themselves to his view. From ruminating upon the dissolution of the human frame, he is led, by an easy transition of thought, to ruminate upon the condition of mankind hereafter. He relates, how he saw in a vision the circumstances of the conflagration, the resurrection of the human body, the day of judgment, and the behaviour of Satan with his apostate spirits, when he saw the unrighteous passing into a state of torment with himself. He concludes, with proving that man is immortal, and with vowing to fulfil such obedience as will intitle him to a state of happiness hereafter.

BOOK



## BOOK the THIRD.

THE autumn now had clos'd its circling round,  
 And winter, shrouded in his sable furs,  
 Low'rs through the fadden'd world. The distant  
 hum

Of sadly-pleasing winds, the fancied ghosts,  
 And sighs in dreary groves, to human fears  
 Portend disasters. Short are now the days,  
 And low is human joy. In these dark times,  
 The lonely Penseroso issu'd forth,  
 Forlorn to view the tombs of friends deceas'd  
 And muse on ancient times. Nor vaults escap'd  
 His ken, where proud corruption rots in state ;  
 Nor the dark neighbourhood of yews and firs  
 With mournful cypress ; nor the letter'd bust,  
 Charnels and epitaph. There did he dwell  
 On mortal actions vain, the day of doom  
 And future world : No swain was near his haunt,  
 His meditations undisturb'd by man.  
 Nor large nor little was the church he sought,

Wide

Wide of the village, and beneath a hill  
 The holy structure rose. With countless graves  
 The yard was fallow'd ; for of late had death  
 A dreadful havock made, and human hearts  
 The frequent knell with terror had alarm'd.  
 Right ancient was the tow'r, a Gothic frame,  
 Where ominous ravens haunt, with chatt'ring daws,  
 And birds which shun the light : Here solitude,  
 Hid in his quiet cell, consumes the day.

The noon was past, and now approach'd the  
 night

With twilight dim, when Penseroso stray'd  
 Thither contemplative : the air was calm,  
 But dark with sable clouds : full of the death  
 Of those he lov'd, his bosom heav'd with sighs,  
 And grief was ready from his eyes to gush ;  
 The big tear o'er its shining sluice distill'd  
 Hung tremulous. Beneath an aged yew,  
 Which whispers in the breeze the mournful tale  
 Of dying mortals, and among the graves  
 Deep-musing stood the sage, and thus began.

Soft

- Soft sleep, ye gentle dead ; let no rude foot  
 Your sad remains disturb, but peace desir'd  
 For ever bless your solitary rest  
 Among the cypress glooms : as now I am,  
 So once were you ; as now I muse and mourn,  
 You mus'd and mourn'd, and, as of you I tell,  
 'Twill thus be told of me when here repos'd.  
 Link'd in the chain of friendship once we liv'd,  
 Or virtuous love's indissoluble knot ;  
 But torn are now these ligaments of heart  
 By Death's resistless force, and now no more  
 These charities subsist. My mind recalls  
 A thousand gentle things, the last farewell,  
 The tender wish, wrung hand, and parting look ;  
 The eye still beaming love, 'till set in death.

Here ends the race of life ; this is its goal ;  
 But soon the toilsome race of life is run,  
 And soon the goal is reach'd : here stops the swell  
 Of human pride, and burst its bubbled views,  
 For, hither come, it must no further go :

Snak

Sunk into rest, the bustling life of man  
 No more disturbs the world, itself disturb'd ;  
 And heart-corroding wealth avails us not :  
 Here beauty fails to please, and hush'd by death  
 All human sorrow sleeps, 'till by the trump  
 At the last day awak'd, it starts to joy.

Come, mortal man, and musing deep survey  
 This dreary land of death, and wisdom learn ;  
 This yard, thick-rounded with unnumber'd graves,  
 This yew, which shades the brightest views of life.  
 Hear the hoarse summons of the deep-mouth'd knell,  
 The iron call of death, and wise attend  
 The eloquence of tombs. The letter'd stone  
 Is the best orator that ever spoke :  
 Here lies the best instruction man can read ;  
 A library of truth, although confin'd  
 Within a narrow space. Hither are brought  
 The trophies and the spoils of death ; and here  
 All the pale nations of the dead resort.

Here lies Fidelity, and she lies in peace ;  
 Her soul, when living, was the seat of peace ;

Of



Of honour, truth, and love. Hard was her fate,  
 Untimely was her end ; her end produc'd  
 By sorrows undeserv'd ; too good for earth,  
 Too tender for this world, but ripe for Heav'n.  
 Her death-cold hand up-held her infant child ;  
 She kiss'd it ; then withdrew her meaning eyes,  
 And in a faltering accent just could say,  
 O love our child ; then look'd, and wept, and dy'd.  
 Spring on her grave, ye flow'rs, in endless prime :  
 Heav'n grant me long to water with my tears  
 Her sacred shrine, a frequent pilgrim there,  
 To feed my grief : Time may its periods roll,  
 But ne'er shall cancel her remember'd worth.

Cut off by early death, here lies a youth  
 Just ripen'd into man, an only son,  
 The heir of fortune, and his parent's hope,  
 For ev'ry virtue grac'd his youthful heart :  
 But now the parents mourn the fatal stroke.  
 Sad to the grave they bear their hoary locks,  
 Their loss for ever pond'ring ; and they haunt  
 All the dun solitudes of silent grief,  
 And wet their couch with tears, their ravag'd joy  
 Their

Their thought by day, their vision in the night.  
 Mournful life's winter now they see and feel,  
 Scarce seen or felt before : tempestuous grief  
 Now shakes their stand of life, and all their hopes  
 Lie sadly strown, and with'ring on the ground ;  
 Naked of ev'ry comfort, still expos'd  
 To rig'rous fate, and dreary is the sight.  
 What is this world, its wealth, and noblest prospects ?  
 On high man builds his tow'ring views, but death  
 Destroys the baseless fabric : blest'd is he,  
 Who hopes for nothing, and is not deceiv'd.  
 Trust not, enduring mortals, trust not life,  
 For death will blast your hopes, and mock your  
                   pride,  
 Wither the blossom fair of vernal youth,  
 And tear up full-grown manhood by the root.

Here lies a daughter pluck'd in all her prime,  
 Just as the lovely flow'r was fully blown :  
 O grief of heart, such worth, such matchless charms  
 Were never blended better in her sex ;  
 Goodness and truth the essence of her soul :

© mine.

O mine she was ; forget, my heart, the scene,  
 When the fair Lily droop'd to rise no more.  
 Here lie the lov'd remains ; here beauty, love,  
 And virtue are no more ; her glass is run,  
 But fast, too fast it ran : O had my eyes  
 Ne'er seen her fall, more mild had been my Fate.  
 With angel sweetness was her youth adorn'd ;  
 Good as an angel was she, and as pure  
 As is the solar ray : sooner shall fire  
 And water be combin'd, and sooner yok'd  
 The sun and moon together, than my heart  
 Impress'd forget this gem of virgin worth,  
 Snatch'd from my ever-longing eyes, this gem  
 Just shown on earth, then hid, for ever hid,  
 As if too precious for the sight profane.  
 Why did this charming blossom fall so soon ?  
 Too early open'd, and too early lost  
 Nipp'd in its blowing promise : chilly blew  
 The wint'ry blast of death, and to the ground  
 Brought down this fair delight. Cold is her hand,  
 And clos'd her eyes in ever-shading death,  
 Her eyes which once with diamond lustre glow'd :  
 Pale is her cheek, and wan her coral lip ;

H

Her

Her mansion in the tomb, by all the world  
 Forsaken, as the world she late forsook.  
 The hour, when to the grave her funeral past,  
 And flow'ry virgins bore the gloomy pall,  
 The church-yard wept, the priest could scarce pro-  
 nounce

This dismal sentence, dust to dust convey.  
 Pluck'd was the vernal year, to fill her grave  
 With spoil of flow'rs embalming, for the dead  
 They honour'd with such fragrant work of love.

Farewell, ye graves of heart-distressing view,  
 Too much ye give the streams of grief to flow.  
 Behold, in yonder grass-entangled nook  
 A ruinous tomb, th' inscription half-eraz'd,  
 It tells a broken tale of man's estate.  
 Thus my own tomb in future times shall fare;  
 And hither stroll'd some trav'ler bemus'd  
 Shall see its honours stooping to the dust,  
 And question who is there interr'd: In vain;  
 For broken and unlegible shall stand  
 The frail memorial of my long-past fame.  
 Each stone at last shall soften into clay,

Unseen,



Unseen, unpointed at ; decay'd themselves,  
Which tell of man's decay ; or scatter'd lie  
Like relics with the bones they erst conceal'd.

What is the earth we tread ?—the grave of men,  
The desolated vale of arid bones,  
Doleful where horror yells by night and day.  
What is the earth we tread ?—'tis human dust  
Cut by the share, or scatter'd by the winds.  
What now I trample once was built in man,  
A well-proportioned fabric, ere it fell.  
My own sure doom twill be in future times  
Thus to be trampled, when reduc'd to clay,  
Or thicken'd into grass. Proud is the soil  
With the manure of men, of those who died  
Before old time a thousand years ago  
Kick'd empires from the earth. But tell me,  
Pride,

What know we of the dead so long interr'd ?  
Where then in state sojourn'd the village Lord,  
In yonder vale, or on the upland height  
Of yonder plain ? where lay his large estate ?  
What graces deck'd him, or what wisdom crown'd ?

We know no more of him than future times  
 Shall know of us, when, swallow'd in the gulf  
 Of years, the annals of this age are lost.  
 Yon flocks which spread the hill, yon daws which  
     round  
 This aged structure fly, know ev'n as much  
 Of th' ancient dead as we : records must die  
 In time's wide round, as dies the human race.

In various forms the death of man appears,  
 But certain is its stroke : here one is plac'd,  
 Who, melted by the hectic fire, consum'd ;  
 Another there, who saw his life transpire  
 Through many a purple vent : this felt his blood  
 In fev'rous fumes evap'rate, and the next  
 High-floated by the hydrops ceas'd to breathe :  
 This by the palsy from the stage of life  
 Was thrown ; the other tumbled into death,  
 Struck apoplectic down : this by the sword  
 Or leaden death expir'd, who in the field  
 For glory fought ; and there of hoary age  
 Lies one, who long had stood the shocks of time.

'Twas

'Twas yesterday a funeral show appear'd :  
 Sable with weeds the herse its charge sustain'd,  
 Nodding its gloomy honours, and the night  
 Improv'd the horrors of the solemn hour.  
 Lamps brighten through the gloom, whilst sadly  
     flow

The mournful-sounding knell aloud proclaims  
 That man is mortal. In the midst is borne  
 The corse, the priest precedes the pomp of death ;  
 The night-sung dirges sadden all the scene,  
 And ghosts attentive listen to the sound.  
 Hung on the grave the priest his story tells,  
 The grave wide-op'ning ; dust to dust is laid ;  
 It must be so, for dust is ev'ry man :  
 Lodg'd is the corse, which there must ever rest,  
 Soon to be seen no more : officious grief  
 The last must see ; her tears profusely flow,  
 And her pour'd sighs rise bubbling through the  
     air.

The crouds disperse, on business these intent,  
 On pleasure those, and other scenes amuse.  
 Grief too subsides in time, for time effects

The greatest wonders. Thus mankind are born,  
 Live, die, are bury'd, wept, and soon forgot:  
 Thus in a circle run all human things:  
 Like a dark cloud that moves is man's estate,  
 Or like a story told his life, or grass  
 Cut down, fast-with'ring in the sunny lawn.

Thy dart, O Death, without distinction kills;  
 In yonder skull-house, see the heaps confus'd;  
 Medley of horror, old odd ends of men.  
 Here lie the learned, eloquent, and wise;  
 But wisdom here has long resign'd her seat,  
 And the sweet voice of eloquence is dumb,  
 The tongue unstrung with speech: here Science  
     tripp'd,  
 And fell into the grave, whilst on the stars  
 Sublime she gaz'd; and they, who measur'd time,  
 Now see Eternity with all his pomp  
 Of years begin his never-ending course,  
 Far distant bounding to his darksome wilds.  
 Vain eminence it is to speak the tongues;  
 Death speaks in ev'ry tongue, and in a groan  
 All language ends at last. The Courtier here



Plots for the state no more, his measures cross'd  
 By his thin rival issuing from the shades ;  
 Though high his greatness rose, yet soon he  
     stood

Blasted, with all his honours shaken down.  
 Here the pale usurer is earth'd in death,  
 Who erst roam'd in the dark for prey on man ;  
 Far o'er the realm did once his lands extend,  
 But now his lot is scarce a yard of ground,  
 'Tis all we want at last : his gladden'd heirs  
 In costly domes his wealth consume, but fail  
 To grace him with a tomb. Here human hearts  
 Beauty no more allures: where is the eye  
 Where once enchantment roll'd, the rose's blush  
 And lily's purer hue ? Where Heav'nly smiles  
 Once dimpled, there the grin of death offends  
 And fed on faded charms vile reptiles thrive,  
 Where erst the Cupids held their lambent play.  
 Here fails gay wit to please, and with the roar  
 Of mirth intemp'rate wake the genial board.  
 Death ever is in earnest, though the wit  
 Is still in jest ; and thunderstruck by fate

Was he who Heav'n blasphem'd, and now in  
Hell

He sadly weeps, who laugh'd at God on earth.  
Here malice sets the world on fire no more,  
Nor brutal strength exerts his Milo force,  
For edg'd in death he strove, but strove in vain;  
And lewdness still continues here to rot,  
Full soon decay'd, so much decay'd before,

Give me to pass within this sacred dome,  
Where death is to be seen in highest taste.  
Op'ning on hinges loud the spacious door  
My steps invites; fair to my wond'ring view  
In solemn state arise the trappings gay  
Of proud devotion, pictures, altar-piece,  
And gilded table, held in high account  
By simple mortals. Yonder, tow'rs the east,  
A warrior frowns in stone, his legs across,  
And formidably clad in warlike arms;  
A chief, I ween, of fame in ancient times.  
But fame must rust as well as stone; we say,  
A deathless fame, but faulty is the speech;  
Ev'n Pyramids but poorly tell the tale

Of

Of earthly worth, however time they brave.  
 The musing stranger kens this ruinous work,  
 But honours not the dead, as 'tis not his  
 To know for whom was rais'd this pomp of fame.  
 Hither he roams to ponder for an hour  
 On men and things, to view the wastes of death,  
 And steps of hoary Time; but oh, the dead  
 Receive no blessing from his thoughtful haunt,  
 And but a few these thoughtful haunts admire.  
 Th' unletter'd clown might once admire with  
 awe

The warrior's giant form, then pass it by,  
 Inquisitive no more: what blessing then  
 In monuments of fame can man enjoy?  
 Though honour'd in his age, 'tis his to be  
 Forgotten in the next, or known by few.

Yon private door leads down to cavern'd death;  
 The first in rank, as oft' the first that die  
 This mansion grace: here on her ebon throne  
 Sits darkness brooding: silence stands erect  
 Lift'ning attentive, where the pride of man  
 Low-shrinks into the confines of an urn,

And

And shaded is the glare of higher life.  
 O wealth, where are thy golden mountains now ?  
 Ambition, where thy feather ? where, renown,  
 Thy trophies ? pleasure, where thy Siren song ?  
 And lux'ry, where thy bowl ? Lo, in this cell  
 Honour disgrac'd his tatter'd ensigns wears,  
 And weeping reads the sad mementos round.  
 Yet here corruption pomp of state affects,  
 For gorgeous the right honourables appear  
 In gilded letter marks : thus human pride  
 Ev'n in this gloomy solitude is fond  
 To glitter for a while, though on the spoil  
 Of low-fall'n greatness worms are seen to feed.  
 But what obstructs my groping foot appall'd ?  
 It is a coffin's shred with dust commixt ;  
 Thus shall be trampled all the pride of life.

Give me to pass to yonder royal vault,  
 Where Monarchs lie ; for in the end their blaze  
 Of glory only serves to light them there.  
 Lo, here they rest, who ne'er knew rest before ;  
 Who had their conquest, glory, and their pain,  
 Illustriously distress'd. In all the rays

Spangled



Spangled of regal state, they shine a while,  
 Their glitter like the dew-drops, which on leaves  
 Or flow'rs the dawning sun impearls, but which  
 Are soon absorb'd and lost. Thus Monarchs  
     yield

The crown, and bow the head to potent death,  
 Their grandeur all exhausted : though in life  
 Superbly station'd, yet by levelling death  
 They share the Fate of slaves ; low in the dust,  
 For there is honour laid, the regal head  
 Is no more circled with the gorgeous crown :  
 And, in this vault where royalty yet has state,  
 The toad shall welter, and the adder hiss,  
 Whelp the cave-haunting fox, and leathern bats  
 Emit their screams mixt with the owl's complaint,  
 When but a heap of stones, or hanging wall,  
 This structure shall appear, and lone around  
 Sad desolation take his silent stand.

What now avails the boast of Heraldry ?  
 Yon, cloath'd with honour, stands th' escutcheon'd  
     wall :

The rampant lion maddens with the praise

Of

Of high-born mortals ; there on marble books  
 Written their tale is read, their ancient house,  
 Their worth preferr'd, and hardy feats of arms :  
 In vain ; the dead ne'er see their high renown  
 Well-figur'd on the wall in short-liv'd pomp.  
 Nothing shall these the dead avail, their ear  
 Deaf to the idle echo of a name.

In yonder nook up-rears a column's height,  
 Propp'd by the wall, in solid marble wrought  
 With proud intent to brave the strokes of time,  
 And ancient is the work ; some Baron bold,  
 I ween, of ancient times, whose gallant deeds,  
 Whose high emprise, and mickle worth are told  
 In old records, it means : indented deep  
 With rich profusion of device admir'd,  
 And fretted with renown, the piece appears.  
 The lily, rose, and thistle tell, from Kings  
 His lineage was deriv'd. The crested helms,  
 Standards, and pointed swords engrav'd imply  
 The spoils of Cressy won, or Agincourt,  
 Or other Gallic fields. Hov'ring above  
 Flies vict'ry with her palm, or laurel crown :  
 Below,

Below, the lion treads on prostrate Gauls,  
 Imploring mercy from his lifted paw.  
 Emblems are these of great exploits ; but fame,  
 Engrav'd on marble, must with marble fall.  
 The dome which shelters here this mighty store  
 Of monumental fame, this pride of death,  
 Prostrate must fall, by hostile rage destroy'd,  
 Or else, by time more hostile rent, must give  
 Admittance to the storm, and on this work  
 Behold the wat'ry mischief eat its way.  
 Reduc'd to fragments, now by pilf'ring hands  
 'Tis snatch'd away. Struck with th' engrav'd device,  
 The clowns awhile the well-wrought parts admire,  
 But soon forgot their worth ; when now what once  
 The world admir'd, or helps to prop a cot,  
 Or else 'tis lost, in rubbish deep interr'd.

Where are the mighty conqu'rors of the world ?  
 Vanquish'd themselves by death's all-conqu'ring arm,  
 For the grim King of terrors ever reigns,  
 The greatest King on earth ; thus who enslav'd  
 The world, are chain'd by death, not to be loos'd  
 By mortal force. What is the conquer'd world ?

Lo,

Lo, Cæsar's glory shrinks into a word ;  
 A word known but to few, by fewer prais'd.  
 A deathless fame ne'er was, nor e'er shall be.  
 Where sounds th' heroic fame of those who liv'd  
 Ere Troy's proud walls arose ? and Homer bards  
 Seldom appear to sing to future times  
 The Hero's hardy deed. Fame is a breath  
 Now wafted to and fro, and then destroy'd ;  
 A bubble soon which bursts, a flow'r which blows  
 Fair in the morn, but fades before the noon,  
 Or a vain Idol worshipp'd for an hour.  
 Marble attempts to rescue dying fame,  
 But marble moulders in a round of years ;  
 When fall'n, it lies the lumber of renown,  
 All green with moss, and spurn'd by vagrant feet.  
 Thy temple, Fame, thus enters sov'reign time,  
 And casts out ev'ry Idol worshipp'd there.

Empires and states must fall with hideous crush  
 Torn up at root : the tallest Pyramid  
 Wrestling in vain with time at last is foil'd ;  
 And cities into total ruin sink  
 To be discern'd no more, 'till brambles rise

Where



Where structures whilom rose. In musing mood,  
 Perhaps, some future distant race of men  
 Shall search for London as we search for Troy.  
 Nay, all the earth shall feel her pillars shake  
 Rock'd to and fro, shall melt with fervent heat,  
 And into better form her ruins flow  
 Dissolv'd, 'till the Platonic year commence,  
 Mother of time, and other scenes take place,  
 And other men and monuments appear.

O death, thy pow'r extensive still is felt  
 From man's imperial race, who on the top  
 Of the created world superbly treads,  
 To the green insects of the mantled pool,  
 Or those which powder o'er the ripen'd plum  
 With mealy life, which by the optic tube  
 Are scarce discern'd. Like leaves on trees, as  
       sings

The Grecian bard, men shoot to life and die :  
 In spring a progeny of countless leaves  
 Bursts from the parent tree, a verd'rous birth ;  
 But th' autumn comes, and rains them to the  
       ground

In

In many a wither'd show'r; and, ev'ry year,  
 They spring successive. and successive fall.  
 Thus human generations live and die.

Thy ghastly process, death, alarm'd I view.  
 What changes thy pale horrors work in man?  
 At thy approach the reas'ning pow'r eclips'd  
 Withholds his blaze of light; the hands and arms  
 Tremble unnerv'd, when thy precursor, age  
 Comes with his furrow'd cheeks; the pillar legs  
 Ill prop the human frame, hung o'er its poize,  
 And tott'ring to its fall; the grinders lost,  
 Or lessen'd, the digestive pow'r declines:  
 With dim suffusion clouded o'er, the eyes,  
 Head-windows, ill-admit the needed light.  
 Behold, the doors of perspiration shut,  
 The porous skin all-clos'd; hence are the steams  
 Of life confin'd; and hence the purple floods  
 Fermenting rage, 'till heat and pain within  
 With torment grieve the frame, whilst on his  
     couch,  
 Sleepless and tossing, lies the wretch diseas'd,  
 Or early rises with the morning bird,

The

The downy bed his pain ; Organs of sound  
 Impair'd are out of tune ; in vain is struck  
 The deafen'd ear with music's sprightly airs ;  
 Choak'd are the paths of sound, or loose its strings.  
 See, wretched man disorder'd in his brain ;  
 He thinks he sees the battlements of Heav'n  
 Descend with hideous crush, or deems himself  
 Flung to the sea from Calpe's tow'ring height ;  
 At fancied perils starts with horrid dread,  
 Lost in a wild delirium : ev'ry noise  
 His mind oppresses, and the shrill offence  
 Of the grasshopper's voice his peace destroys.  
 Tir'd with its ailments life becomes a load,  
 And pall'd is ev'ry sense ; whilst all unnerv'd  
 His tongue can only stammer out complaint.  
 The juicy stores, or of a purple hue,  
 Or white, or saffron, blood, or lymph or chyle,  
 Or nervous fluid, push'd with force too weak,  
 Stagnate, or wander devious, or absorb'd  
 Refuse their office ; hence unmov'd remain  
 The needed wheels of life ; unmov'd by streams,  
 Which now are either stopp'd, or else no more.

I

Hence

Hence slacken'd are the cords which brace the  
frame,

Which now unpropp'd down to its kindred dust  
Tumbles dishonour'd ; but on high the Soul,  
Disburden'd of her clog, to Heav'n ascends.

What then is human life, its pride, its joys ?  
Who lives must grieve ; who breathes must breathe  
his last.

The streight between the cradle and the grave  
Narrow is ever found : life is the sea  
Which rolls between, with dang'rous rocks beset,  
And rough with horrid storm ; life, which began  
With piercing cries, must end with piercing groans.  
Fidelia ev'ry ill in life endur'd ;  
O grief of heart, Fidelia, is no more :  
Past are her toilsome days ; in death's dark house  
Repos'd for ever, and for ever wept.

Say, O ye pow'rs, who tell of things divine,  
Shall not the human corse, now in the grave,  
Start into life again ? shall not the seas

And



And graves give up their dead ? and full-awak'd  
 Th' immortal spirit animate anew  
 Her former clay : and then, before the bar  
 Of Heav'n conven'd, be ever blest'd pronounc'd,  
 Or doom'd to ceaseless woe ? this wond'rous truth  
 Th' eternal oracles of Heav'n declare.  
 But, ere the judgment-work begins, the earth,  
 Seiz'd by a fiery death, shall first consume ;  
 Loud ev'ry-where the conflagration roar,  
 An universal fire to waste the globe,  
 And end all mortal things. 'Twas on a time,  
 My senses lock'd in sleep, methought I saw  
 The direful process of th' important day ;  
 The earth on fire, and sentence past on man.  
 Thus seemingly the scene before me rose :

A voice which shook the world, methought, pro-  
 claim'd,

The impious earth with fire must be destroy'd,  
 And time must be no more. All nature felt  
 Th' effects of such command through all her works,  
 And trembled to her fall. Lefs shook the world,  
 When Heav'n's dread Ruler, on the holy mount,

To Israel's people gave th' eternal law.  
 Horror stood mute at such behests, and such  
 (If these we might compare) a silence reign'd,  
 As reigns at night among the heaps antique,  
 And desert monuments of realms destroy'd,  
 The guilt of barb'rous war ; when now the flames  
 Burst from th' earth's deep hollow-sounding base  
 In ridgy spires, and redden o'er the globe,  
 Blazing from many a hell ; or from on high  
 Fierce and incessant stream, the breath of God,  
 Or flung in balls from his avenging hand,  
 The sky's artill'ry play'd : thus all the globe  
 Roars one vast Ætna flaming: o'er the world  
 Wide-rush the fiery torrents disembogu'd,  
 Earth rocks, and Heav'n's high throne is scarce  
 secure.

The seas fire-kindled burn, and black'ning roll  
 The brooding terrors of their fumes, old Night  
 Again rejoicing in his dark domain ;  
 The sea now into Chaos flung abrupt,  
 Loud and tumultuous, as if overturn'd  
 The wat'ry mass was roll'd, and o'er its bounds  
 It rode triumphant, that the earth its shocks

Could

Could scarce sustain : the fish leap up and die  
 Stretch'd on the wave, 'till sandy vales appear  
 Where roll'd the sea, now rarified and lost.  
 Th' eternal snows on Alpine summits melt  
 Swoln into seas, fierce-rushing down the steeps,  
 But, as they rush, evap'rate into air  
 Tormented by the flames. Their sources stopp'd,  
 The rivers cease to roll their fluid stores ;  
 Whilst heav'd by earthquakes hills move from their  
     feats

Dread-journeying o'er the globe, or high in air  
 Twirl horrid, and with crush earth-rocking fall  
 Pond'rous. Such horror was on Heav'n's high  
     plains,

When angels, with archangels battling fierce,  
 Hills hurl'd on hills with jaculation dire.  
 The forests feed the blaze, where beasts retire,  
 Their well-known haunt, but soon with hideous yell  
 They breathe their last : the feather'd tribe surpris'd  
 Drop into death, weak-flutt'ring through the air ;  
 Whilst tow'rs and cities thunder into heaps  
 Of ruin, with the works of human art.  
 Aghast, men see the ruin of the world,

And call for shelt'ring mountains, but in vain:  
 They look, lament, and in their fears expire:  
 Whilst dire confusion running wild o'erturns  
 This state of things convolv'd, and giant-like  
 Destruction strides o'er all the earthly globe,  
 Till nature sinks convuls'd, the world destroy'd,  
 And all its ancient glory melted down.  
 Next rolling to the earth's high rising flames,  
 The lucid filterhood of planets feel  
 The dire effusions of the hot distress.  
 Venus laments her blowing flow'rs decay'd,  
 And blasted are her oaks; whilst Saturn's ite  
 More distant is unlock'd; in sudden bloom  
 His flow'rs and verdure spring, and all his birds,  
 As in the vernal season, ply the song.

But now the scene is chang'd: the human race  
 To life must rise again, and to the bar  
 Of justice be conven'd. Lo, from on high  
 An angel loud the trumpet sounds, which rends  
 The sky, and, after solemn pause, he cries,  
 Awake, ye dead, and quick to judgment come,  
 The dead awake. Methought far round I saw



The dead spring forth in crops of living men  
 Rous'd by the trumpet's sound : though sown cor-  
 rupt

They incorrupt arise. Thus from the ground  
 Up-starting, death awakes, so still before,  
 Bursts into second life, and spurns the dust.  
 Now, Heav'n directed, all the scatter'd bones  
 Meet in their destin'd place, 'till into form  
 New-built and stately rears the human frame.

Say, is the Christian's faith absurd, that men  
 Should rise to life again ? that wheaten grain,  
 When buried in the ground, should feel the soul  
 Of vegetation move, and croud the field  
 With verdant tribes of corn, till now a pomp  
 Of harvest floats, imbattled on the plain  
 Meet for the reaper's stroke ; that sun, moon, stars,  
 And all the planet host, at God's command,  
 Should gather into form, and pompous those  
 Bowl through the road of Heav'n, whilst these remain  
 Fix'd palaces of light, unseen before  
 In the blue fields of space ; and fibres, flesh,  
 And bone should move in man, directed well

By th' impulse of the soul : are these less strange,  
Than that the dead to life again should rise ?

Methought I saw from yonder point of Heav'n  
Dread from the clouds the Son of man descend,  
Descend to judge the world ; and, as he came,  
All-glorious shone the skies : open, ye gates  
Of Heav'n, 'twas said, ye everlasting gates,  
And onward let the King of glory pass  
With all his angel train. Who is this King ?  
The wond'rous Counsellor, the mighty God,  
The everlasting Father, Prince of peace,  
Whose rule shall have no end. Straight open the  
gates,

And straight the King of glory passes on  
With all his angel train. By cherub forms  
Drawn in his chariot rides the God sublime,  
With justice by his side : the chariot flames  
With constellations flush'd, and various blaze  
Of onyx, beryl, topaz, amethyst,  
Insufferably bright : the angel hosts  
With shouts attend, and lofty trumpet sounds,  
On wings triumphant borne, on wings of gold,

Whilst

Whilst all the firmament with glory burns,  
 All Heav'n in motion far beyond the ken.  
 Though high in glory, yet the Son of man  
 Meeken'd beams smiles of grace : not with such  
 gloom  
 Of terror frowns the God, as when from Heav'n  
 Flaming he hurl'd to hell the rebel crew  
 By Satan from their loyalty seduc'd.

Trembling the new-rai'd dead; methought, I saw,  
 The same in form as in their first estate;  
 When beauty in her lovely roses blush'd  
 Sweetly diversified; and stooping age  
 In all his frost of hoary locks appear'd  
 In act to hear his doom. The miser now  
 Foregoes his gold, the Prince his brilliant state,  
 The patriot all his schemes; the warrior hears  
 A shriller trump than e'er he heard before;  
 Thunder more loud than at the brazen throat  
 Of warlike engin'ry, and struck beholds  
 More blazing pomp than glitter'd in his field,  
 Where flam'd the burnish'd arms, and banners  
 play'd

Floating

Floating redundant. All the human race  
 Conven'd before the grand tribunal stand.  
 Far as an angel sees, when seated high  
 On Heav'n's refulgent arch, the throngs extend,  
 And num'rous as the sands, which rise in hills,  
 Or ride in whirlwind through the Libyan skies.  
 Some smile in triumph, others crave for hills,  
 Torn from their beds, to hide them from the wrath  
 Of him, who sits upon his throne to judge  
 With horror plum'd, though to the just benign,  
 And smiling gracious. Direful is the scene,  
 For wrapp'd in flames of fire the angels ply  
 Their ministerial work; the thunder rolls  
 Loud through the world, and wide with lightning  
     shagg'd  
 All-dreadful stands the judgment-seat display'd;  
 The Judge the Son of Heav'n, who sentence gives  
 With such imperial nod as shakes the world.  
 Bless'd are the just on his right hand pronounc'd,  
 But on his left the base are doom'd to woe;  
 Whilst angels high applaud the dooms pronounc'd  
 With shouts which tear the firmament above.  
 Ten thousand harps celestial hymn the praise



Of justice in the Judge of man ordain'd,  
 Through all the skies symphonious. Now to Heav'n  
 All jubilant ascends the righteous Judge  
 Amidst Hosannahs utter'd. God approves  
 With high applause the conduct of his Son,  
 And on him blazes forth unclouded love,  
 The whole Empyreum round with intense fum'd.  
 The just to glory rais'd assume the form  
 Angelic, beaming with celestial light,  
 And with the angels high-ascended shine  
 Bright as the stars above, in glory shin'd  
 And in their bliss enlarg'd. Thus, if small things  
 With great may be compar'd, the rural swain  
 With rapture gladdens in his rural haunt,  
 When, after vernal show'rs or summer rain,  
 The flow'rs refresh'd a stronger fragrance breathe,  
 And woodland birds attempt a livelier note.

But endless woe the impious tribes attends,  
 Their sentence dire-pronounc'd to see and feel  
 Surpassing pain, with Satan and his crew  
 Cast down to hell accurs'd. Methought I saw  
 Th' ungodly rout through the malignant dusk,

And

And turbulent domain of Chaos pass,  
 Push'd o'er the bridge which Satan's offspring built:  
 But the bridge shakes, heav'd by chaotic waves,  
 For all things sympathetically feel  
 Th' effects of man destroy'd. To hell they tend,  
 Which now spontaneous opens, and its gulf,  
 Wide as the space from Indus to the pole,  
 And thund'ring with its fires, awaits the rout;  
 But Fate forbade their long continuance there;  
 For where they stood, the precipice, o'erest  
 By Heav'n's resistless hand unseen, gave way:  
 Fate urg'd them headlong in, a gen'ral plunge,  
 Ruin on ruin crouded, and so loud  
 The universal roll, 'twas heard throughout  
 The dark of Erebus; trembled all hell,  
 And backward roll'd the all-confounded deep.  
 Not with so dread a plunge Sicilia fell  
 Wrench'd from the continent, when, through the  
     realms  
 Ausonian, erst an earthquake's mineral force  
 Up-heaving push'd it far into the sea,  
 With all its weight of mountains overturn'd.  
 Confusion stood confounded, and around

Black

Black horror deepen'd, for promiscuous roll'd  
 Men, fiends, and scorpions; and the vex'd abyſs  
 Still rag'd with fire ſulphureous, ev'ry ſenſe  
 Tormented by the fumes. Nought there was  
     heard

But the dire clang and bite of rattling chains,  
 Foul blaſphemy, and rage from men accurs'd  
 With devils ſuff'ring; neither light nor dark  
 The ſcene appear'd; 'twas horror viſible  
 Where juſt were ſeen the ſpectacles of woe.  
 High o'er the reſt in all his wretched plight,  
 Superior as in malice Satan lies,  
 Stretch'd like an iſland on the burning deep,  
 Enormous, half ingulph'd and half in ſight,  
 His heart exulting as the godleſs rout  
 He kens from earth arriv'd, and fill'd with pride,  
 Conſcious of his ſucceſs on man deſtroy'd,  
 Transported rears, and plunges through the gulf  
 Working a tempeſt there, that hell is more  
 A hell than e'er before. Th' apoſtate pow'rs  
 He ſummons from afar, and thus, methought,  
 High on a throne he mouth'd his boaſtful ſpeech,  
 His Stygian Peers in council liſt'ning round.

( Ye

Ye pow'rs ethereal, once the pride of Heav'n,  
 Dominions, virtues, potentates, and thrones;  
 Though now inglorious sunk in woe, attend.  
 What num'rous shoals are here from earth arriv'd,  
 Perverted by our pow'r, and join'd with us  
 In the same bitter torment! at this sight  
 Hell's no hell to me. The King of Heav'n  
 Vainly in fancy deem'd his new-made earth  
 Little inferior to his Heav'n would rise,  
 And as an angel blest'd would man be found;  
 But this, 'twas not our pleasure to permit.  
 Hard was our enterprize to reach the earth:  
 Barr'd was the passage through the gates of hell  
 With burning rocks oppos'd, and blind our flight  
 Through Chaos tempest'd with all the rage  
 Of hydras dire, the realm of ancient Night.  
 At the high gate of Paradise was plac'd  
 A guard angelic, and at Adam's bow'r  
 A cherub wav'd his sword; but vain were these:  
 The woman Eve we tempting with success,  
 The world became our own: we sent to earth  
 Our offspring sin and death, and what success  
Their



Their labours crown'd, these late arriv'd declare.  
 Let not the King of Heav'n suppose his pow'r  
 Resiftless; who would fear a little bruise,  
 To gain possession of a new-made world?  
 'Twas said, Messiah should recover man,  
 And Paradise regain'd was all the theme;  
 But flight was his success. 'Tis true, we lost  
 The dear-bought vict'ry on the plains of Heav'n,  
 But conquer'd in th' attack of man on earth,  
 Resiftless there. Here have we suffer'd pain.  
 And foul dishonour, but 'tis better far  
 To suffer torment, and to rule in hell  
 Than live in Heav'n, controul'd by tyrant rule.

This utter'd impiously, methought I saw  
 Satan inraptur'd, and his visage writh'd  
 In ghastly smiles, through all its hideous length:  
 Hell half illum'd with joy. From fiend to fiend  
 The raptures travel, 'till the vault of hell  
 With horrid shouts is torn, and Chaos hears,  
 Frighted, the uproar loud through all the realm  
 Of ancient Night. Less loud the ocean sounds,  
 Work'd into howling terror, when the winds

En-

Encount'ring dark tear up its deep abyſs.  
 But ſoon this jubilee in hell is loſt,  
 For malice never long can be at reſt.

Think not, O man, the future world a dream,  
 The child of fancy, or the Statesman's tool  
 To awe the ſubject world. Death is the birth  
 Elſewhere of future life, the Red-ſea ſtreight  
 O'er which we paſs to reach the bloomy ſhore  
 Of Heav'n's fair Paradife; and life is here  
 The childhood of the ſoul's immortal pow'rs;  
 This ever thought the wiſe, who juſtly thought,  
 Who doubts a future ſtate muſt doubt a God,  
 Who doubts a God believes the tales of chance,  
 Who chance aſſerts, aſſerts himſelf a fool.  
 That there's a Pow'r above, all nature's works  
 Loudly proclaim: the temple of the world  
 Beſpeaks his high deſign: day tells to day  
 And night to night, how well the ſplendid hand  
 Of Heav'n rolls worlds unnumber'd through the  
     fields  
 Of boundleſs ſpace: can then the human mind  
 Be loſt in doubting mazes in her ſearch

Of the first cause, his wisdom thus discern'd?  
 If goodness rules th' unbounded throne above,  
 The virtuous must be happy, but in life  
 Frequent they groan beneath the heaviest woe.  
 A God imperfect is no God at all;  
 A God unkind is an imperfect God;  
 Unkind is God, if virtue lost reward;  
 Reward is not the lot of virtue here:  
 Not happy then the virtuous here, they must  
 Be nobly blest'd hereafter: glorious crowns  
 Shall bind their heads and palm their hands adorn,  
 Presented to th' Omnipotent inthron'd,  
 Since well they fought the better fight of faith.  
 Pleas'd shall they reach the blooming fields of  
     Heav'n,  
 Its bowers of pleasure, and the fount of life,  
 Where trees immortal throw delicious shade.  
 There will their songs harmonious thus be heard,  
 (Heav'n's concave ringing with the shouts of joy)  
 Pow'r, blessing, glory ever be ascrib'd  
 To him who fills th' imperial throne on high,  
 And to the milder glory of the Lamb.

Say, are not human souls immortal made,  
 And immaterial too? This truth is clear,  
 That lighted in the mind of man there shines  
 The lamp of reason : hence the soul can think,  
 Can will, impel, and check, rejoice, and grieve,  
 Fear, love and hate ; but matter reasons not,  
 Howe'er divided, soften'd, or dispos'd :  
 How would a syllogism pose a block ?  
 Matter nor thinks, nor wills, nor moves unmov'd,  
 Nor grieves, or loves or hates : material soul  
 Shocks common sense, an error much too hard  
 For reason to digest ; and, though of old  
 This dogma spread, 'tis wisdom's foul reproach :  
 It speaks the human intellect diseas'd,  
 And all-untun'd the mind's harmonious frame.  
 If man's still-active principle within  
 Was matter form'd, and with the body died,  
 Associates ne'er disjoin'd, why grieves she not,  
 When her companion grieves? Why strongly beams  
 Her reason's light amidst the gloom of death,  
 Bright-glimm'ring through the curtain of disease ?  
 Why are her pow'rs so active, when the pow'rs



Of her dear body fail? 'Tis certain then,  
That matter and the soul are diff'rent things.

Stirring within man has a sense of God,  
And of the future world: his mental eye  
Still points them out illustrious, and no sense  
Nature e'er gave in vain: no needless thing  
In all her works appears. Though in the school  
Of vice and error train'd, each Felix fears  
Trembling appall'd, when these momentous truths  
His conscience Heav'n-instructed weighs exact.

See, man unweari'd in the toilsome chace  
Of fame in arts or arms, ill-satisfied  
To shine the wonder of the present age:  
Ev'n future times must hail him, and his soul  
Attentive from the cope of Heav'n must hear  
His praise hymn'd in the temple of the world,  
When dust his body lies: such noble thirst  
Of fame implies that souls immortal live.  
For, if the high-reflecting pow'r at death  
Must fail, why does not man aim like the brute

But at the present good, at joys of sense,  
Nor court the world's applause in future times.

See, man with hopes and fears of future joy,  
And future pain perplex'd. Would gracious Heav'n  
Thus rack with passions ev'ry human breast,  
And cruel sport with man as thus 'twould be,  
If no hereafter would begin its round?  
See, man in high pursuit of present joy  
For ever aim'd at, but for ever miss'd;  
His eager grasp by th' airy phantom mock'd:  
See, dark'ning on his brow the shaggy lour  
Of discontent, his features with the seams  
Of disappointment mark'd. Unkind 'twould be  
In Heav'n's o'er-ruling Lord, if full content  
Should somewhere not be found, soft on the heart  
To pour her lenient balm, and joy complete  
Gild the benighted mind: but, since on earth  
Nor full content, nor joy complete, are found,  
They must be found in Heav'n's star-pay'd abode.

If man is not by the supreme decree  
Of Heav'n immortal form'd, why is the brute

Superior

Superior far to him in present blifs ?  
 The brute nor fees his diftant woe, nor feels  
 His mis'ry 'till 'tis come : but man perceives  
 His diftant sorrows, and is twice a wretch,  
 His reason ferving to enhance his pain ;  
 As thus it marks his evils from afar  
 Approaching with a frown, or well drawn up  
 With battlous intent to crush him down  
 In life's fad warfare : but fhall nobler man  
 Enjoy lefs real blifs than growling brutes,  
 As thus 'twould be, if higher joys in Heav'n  
 Were not ordain'd hereafter for the juft ;  
 If circling round his head no glory beam'd,  
 Nor youth immortal in him blow'd her flow'rs.  
 But, led by reason's 'twilight, fhould we ftray  
 In fearch of thefe high truths, fair in the page  
 Reveal'd, immortal life is brought to light.

Immortal thus is man : then be it mine,  
 Blamelefs to fill the narrow fpan of life ;  
 Narrow, for here we juft look round and die,  
 So circumfcrib'd is life. Let not the bait  
 Of pleafure or of wealth thrown out allure

My easy purpose into moral woe,  
 Since man's immortal, moral be my act :  
 And, since in public scenes most danger lies,  
 Give me the shades of innocence and peace,  
 Where best the truth is weigh'd, where best pur-  
 su'd.

Thus deep-immur'd along the vale of peace,  
 Life let me pass unnotic'd and secure ;  
 Whilst distant, I the world's loud tempests, hear,  
 Hear but not feel, rejoicing in the calm.  
 Rather than join the impious scenes of life,  
 As lonely let me live as lives the swain  
 In the last island of the Atlantic main,  
 Where nature has her solitary bounds  
 Among the howling waves, where but the birds  
 Which haunt the sea-girt rocks, or but his sheep  
 Which graze the meagre-herbag'd cliffs he sees,  
 Or wants to see from morn'till quiet eve.

Heav'n, grant me ever to pursue the truth ;  
 For safe is truth, but danger ever lies  
 In spiteful error. Should a future world  
 Believ'd be but a dream, no danger thence

Accrues



Accrues to man believing : blest'd is he,  
 Who walks by such a faith, and ever acts  
 As such a faith requires, although deceiv'd.  
 But firmly should this truth eternal stand,  
 And that it does, 'tis by the Heav'n-born voice  
 Of reason loud proclaim'd, then boundless woe  
 The wretch pursues in vice and error chain'd.  
 All-righteous let me live, that at the last  
 Blest'd I may die, that, when death's shades inclose  
 My eve of life, one parting beam of joy  
 May gild my mind ascending, and no fear  
 May shake my frame, or groan my bosom heave :  
 That, when my corse along the church-way path  
 Is borne, and lodg'd beneath the yew-tree's shade  
 Near lov'd Fidelia's tomb, and I'm become  
 As if I ne'er had been, my better soul,  
 Thus prov'd immortal, rapt may rise to Heav'n,  
 Lost in ethereal day, and rank'd with Gods.

## NOTES and OBSERVATIONS upon the Third BOOK.

The author was led to make such reflections as this part of the poem consists of, not only from his own inclinations, but because he found that of late years his countrymen have given much countenance to several well-written pieces upon the subject of mortality; particularly to a beautiful little poem, written by the ingenious Mr. Grey. If the author can add his mite to that pleasure, with which the world is disposed to peruse writings of this sort, he will think himself well recompensed for his pains. He confesses that it is difficult to write upon a topic, which has been so often handled, without running into the same train of thoughts with other authors. We see how often Virgil is embarrassed, for fear it should be perceived that he too closely imitates Homer. Indeed, no author can well write upon any subject but what has been already canvassed. All that a modern writer has to aim at is to give a good turn to thoughts, which are as old as the creation; and, if his dress of thought be agreeable, he deserves the applause of the world as much as those who wrote before him upon the same argument. However, in many cases, a theme is not so much exhausted, but there is left something

thing for the last writer thereon, human genius being hardly able to recollect at one time every thing belonging to it.

Page 120.—his legs across :

Camden tells us that the statues of the Knights Templars were distinguished in this manner, wrought in a military form, with the legs placed cross-wise, significative of the office of their order, which was to defend the cross of Christ, and the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem, protecting the pilgrims going thither against the Infidels, the Turks and Saracens. But this religious order abusing their trust were abolished with the destruction of their Grand Master. This happened in the year of the Christian *Æra* 1312. We sometimes see images of this sort in ancient churches, two of which the author has seen at the parish Church of Berwick Saint John, a pleasant village in South-Wiltshire.

Page 127.—Perhaps, some distant future race of  
men

Shall search for London, as we search for Troy.

This assertion in the author's opinion is not extravagant. We may observe that the ancient cities of Tyre and Sidon, once so renowned all over the east for their commerce and populousness, are now in a manner no more, the former being now inhabited only by a few fishermen.

—Changes

—Changes of government and the devastations of war have produced great alterations on the face of the earth.

Lucretius imagined that, had there been cities in being before those of Thebes and Troy, some Greek poet would have recorded something concerning them. But this is no solid proof that there were no cities prior to these; for such poets as Homer seldom appear in the world, and it is certain, that records and history do perish themselves in the ruins of time, and are no more heard of than are those great actions which they relate. Lucretius might have had recourse to other and better arguments to prove the non-eternity of the world, taken from the perishable qualities of all material bodies. All sublunary things are in a state of progression, tending to a dissolution. Empires, cities, and families have their youth, manhood, age, and total decay, when another succession comes up in their place. The world will decay in the same manner, and accordingly good Christians expect new Heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

Page 127.—Till the Platonic year commence,

Plato was of opinion, that the present world will be destroyed by fire, and another world, springing, as it were, out of its ashes, time will begin anew from thence. He took this notion from the Bar-  
baric





baric Philosophers of the East, whose philosophy he introduced into Greece. It is probable that his followers called the new beginning of time, commencing at the existence of the new world, the Platonic year, to do honour to Plato, their master. The doctrine of the Millennium held by the Christian Fathers seems to have taken its rise from thence, though somewhat varied.

Page 127.—To the green insects of the mantled pool,

The Opticians have found, that the green on standing waters consists of infinite numbers of living insects; and the down of a ripe plum consists of the same,

Page 127.—Like leaves on trees, as fings  
The Grecian Bard, men shoot to life and die.

Thus Homer, in a speech which he puts into the mouth of Glaucus to Diomedes:

“Οἱ περὶ φύλλων γενεὴ, τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.  
Φύλλα τὰ μὲν τ’ ἀνεμῷ χαμαῖδις χέει, ἅλλα δὲ ὕληδ’  
Τηλεθώωσα φύει, ἔαρ’ δ’ ἐπιγίγνεται ὥρη.  
Ὡς ἀνδρῶν γενεὴ, ἥ μὲν φύει ἡ δ’ ἀπολήγει.

Iliad, Book vi. 146, &c.

As

As is the leafy race, such is the race  
Of men, the present growth of leaves the wind  
Strews on the ground ; another growth the wood  
Puts forth in verd'rous youth, the following spring :  
Thus men in turn are born, in turn they die.

**P**age 128.—At thy approach the reasoning pow'r  
                                eclips'd  
**W**ith-holds his blaze of light——

These and some following lines are something of a Paraphrase upon Solomon's beautiful description of old-age and the approach of death. See Ecclesiastes, Chap. xii.

Page 135.—The dead spring forth in crops of living men.

It is supposed in this account of the general conflagration, that it will not end in such a total destruction of the earth, as that there shall remain no more appearance of it: this notion of the matter is here countenanced to favour the doctrine of the human body's resurrection, in the reunion of all its scattered parts. It is not here pretended to determine authoritatively on this difficult point. Let every one believe as things appear to be the truth. Religion is not at all affected thereby, whether we believe the earth will be annihilated, or otherwise, by the conflagration.

Page

Page 136.—The wond'rous Counsellor, the mighty God :

These are the titles given to our Saviour by Isaiah, Chap. ix.

Page 146.—But matter reasons not :

Plato's introducing Socrates, when he had been reasoning upon the immortality of the soul, as wishing for, and prophesying of, a divine guide, to be sent into the world, to reveal unto mankind the truth of this doctrine, is an incident very favourable to Christianity. If Plato's proofs of the soul's immortality from moral considerations are not satisfactory, those of the late Baxter of Scotland, from natural considerations, methinks, amount almost to demonstration.—My Lord Bolingbroke, in many of his writings, blames the ancient and modern Philosophers for reasoning upon subjects, of which it is impossible for man in this state to have any ideas : but is not his Lordship chargeable with the same impropriety of conduct, when he attempts to prove that the power of thinking is annexed to matter, of which we may suppose he could have no ideas?

T H E

B O O K

THE

## FOURTH BOOK.

On the Impieties and Folly of Heathenism,  
and the Divine Origin of Christianity.

### THE ARGUMENT.

In a May morning Penseroso retires to a ruinous monument of antiquity, supposed to be the remains of a Druidical temple. He there ruminates upon the Idolatry, Superstition and wickedness of the Heathen worship. The brutal conceptions of the Gentiles concerning their Gods. Two tales; the one relative to a Bacchanalian festival; the other to human sacrifices. The excellency and divinity of the Christian Religion: its sublime delineation of the divine attributes. A philosophical descant upon the wisdom, power, and goodness of God in the visible creation, and particularly in reference to man. Unbelievers invited to honour and esteem the Christian religion from its preferableness to all other religious institutions whatever.

BOOK



## BOOK the FOURTH.

YOUTH of the year, with flow'ry wreaths  
adorn'd,

Forth steps the spring well-pleas'd : blossoms and  
flow'rs

In sweet profusion scatter'd breathe around  
Elysian comfort : gardens, meads, and shrubs,

Orchard or woodland, kindled by the breath

Favonian, rise a gen'ral flush of blooms,

In early morn, or after sprinkling show'rs

More redolent, and joyous to the swain.

All nature rapturous charms with song and love,

And, clad in green refreshing to the eye,

Her lap with plenty teems. 'Twas in the morn,

Contemplative that Penseroso stray'd

High on a lonely peak to view the works

Of nature and a monument of art :

'Twas in the morn when, loaded with the dew,

Daisies and gildcups hang the drooping head ;

The dew now lighted into liquid pearls

By

By daylight fair-display'd o'er all the world :  
 Yet hung with furniture of clouds the Heav'ns  
 Sweetly begloom'd the earth: hence all the eye  
 With easy joy shot o'er a fair extent  
 Of rural landscape: vallies, hills, and woods,  
 The flow of streams and blush of yellow flow'rs,  
 Varied as nature freak'd: the bleating flocks,  
 Stretch'd from the death of sleep, or widely spread  
 The whiten'd fallows, or upon the steep  
 Of hanging mountains crop the russet turf:  
 Fair sprouts the infant grain on well-dress'd fields;  
 High-mounted sings the lark; th' neighbouring  
     grove  
 Joins the sweet symphony, whilst from the dell  
 The cuckoo pours her solos, Heav'nly bird,  
 With solitude delighted: thus awak'd  
 The choir of nature sounds a gen'ral hymn,  
 And earth renew'd in all her glory shines.

'Tis now the joyous May, when rural nymphs  
 From meads and shrubs cull odorif'rous flow'rs  
 To grace the pole's fair height, for dancing meet

In

In May's all-blooming times: 'twas in this month  
 That Proserpine in fields Sicilian pluck'd  
 The vernal flow'rs, herself as fair a flow'r,  
 When gloomy Dis snatch'd to th' infernal world  
 This lovely virgin to her mother's grief,  
 Who weeping sought her lost o'er all the earth.

His musing walk the pensive sage pursu'd,  
 Where stood far-seen along a plain remote,  
 An hoar magnificence of shapeless stones,  
 As if in venerable synod met,  
 All dumb companions of majestick show,  
 The drear remains pronounc'd of once a fane  
 Fram'd for the Druid's use; in circle form  
 Irregularly great, and but by Heav'n  
 Sublimely roof'd, whilst furrow'd deep with age  
 In act to fall they stoop, yet brave the storm.  
 Shelter for swains, yet deem'd by them the haunt  
 Of ghosts and fairies in the dreaded night;  
 In neighbouring village nurse of many a tale  
 Of giant, devil, and enchantment drear.  
 Studios of ancient writ the sage surveys

L

Oft

Oft' and again this wond'rous wreck of time,  
And in this strain his rural musings ran.

High on this hill, and down yon craggy steep  
Delv'd into caves, wide-spreading rose the oaks  
Gloomy as night, the consecrated haunt  
Of ancient Druids : on each father tree,  
Each father tree a wood, so broad his arms,  
Fair hung the Mistletoe like burnish'd gold  
Of mystic pow'r, and glitter'd through the shade.  
Deep-scoop'd and shagg'd with boughs yon ran the  
cave

Beneath the mountain's brow, where dark-im-  
mur'd

And held a God, the Seer of Druids liv'd,  
His white-rob'd brotherhood in neighbouring  
shades

At awful distance seated. Their's it was  
Or to unfold all nature's hidden laws,  
Or calm 'till midnight hours on mountain tops  
To view the starry frame, the groves around  
And silent vallies bright'ning with the moon.

'Twas



'Twas their's at dewy eve along the grove  
 Lonely to stray and ruminatè on Heav'n  
 And duties of the good ; or cull at noon  
 The physic plants to heal disease in man ;  
 Or holy in the Fane the Preacher's part  
 To act, and Legislator's to the croud ;  
 Or sweet on minstrelseys the same rehearse  
 Of ancient heroes, who to shield the state  
 Died on the bed of honour, 'till around  
 'Twas all high harmony and joy of soul ;  
 Hills, vales, and groves, chear'd with the ev'ning  
 lay,

Dying along the consecrated shade.  
 Apparent yon the Circus yet remains ;  
 Yon stood rever'd the Altar where the rites  
 In mystic guise were plied ; and yonder bled  
 In holy sacrifice the milk-white steer  
 Led from the flow'ry mead, whilst Priests devout  
 Mutter'd infernal things : there, worst of rites,  
 Man, Heav'n's great work, a bleeding victim  
 died.

Thus here was Idol-worship paid to Gods,  
 Fictitious beings of the crazy brain,  
 Although some useful truths charm'd in the song  
 Of Druid wisdom, and with awe their groves  
 Beheld the natural light through thickest shades  
 Oft' shew her radiant presence, yet the pomp  
 Of bloody Altars, knives and death prepar'd  
 For human victims, where by force compell'd  
 They shed their blood bewailing, made their  
                   groves

The bloody shambles of misguided zeal,  
 And the vile Priests the butch'ring tools of Heav'n.  
 These shock the skies, though meant to please; for  
                   should

The gracious throne of Heav'n be stain'd with  
                   blood

Of men unjustly slain? and can the groans  
 Of death be music to th' immortal pow'rs?  
 Why Heav'n permitted, hard it is to say,  
 Such horrid rites so long to injure man,  
 And scandalise the world: but gracious Heav'n

Is not to blame, that man will act the fool :  
 Man might be wise, if wisdom were his choice.  
 Heav'n from the first taught man eternal truth ;  
 For stamp'd upon his mind a sense of God  
 Is found, and big there works in ev'ry heart  
 A dread idea of the world to come.  
 Sweet to the mental palate is the sense  
 Of right, but bitter is th' immoral act,  
 Unless repeated, for by constant use  
 Poisons can scarcely kill : a monster dear  
 And shewn but seldom in the public world  
 Is th' Atheist man profane. 'Tis not the voice  
 Of thunder only that still shakes the minds  
 Of mortals into faith, but the still voice,  
 The better voice of something heard within  
 Whispers religious, and a first great cause  
 Inthron'd appears, in nature's noble works,  
 Which reason struck beholds, and faith adores.  
 Reason and conscience are as much a part  
 Of man as fear ; nor did the solemn craft  
 Of Politicians form in human minds  
 Their sense of God and right : such sense in man  
 Was ever, and coeval with the soul :

Th' unletter'd as the letter'd own a God.  
 In ev'ry mind well thrives this truth divine  
 Sown by the care of Heav'n : in ev'ry heart  
 The moral dew refreshes, if by man  
 The soft infusion there is not refus'd.

But thoughtless man, by the grim terrors aw'd  
 Of Demon superstition, often fails  
 To see the truth, and thus the moral world  
 Is sadly ruin'd. Say, ye Heav'nly pow'rs,  
 What superstitions and what idol Gods  
 Had long besotted man. New is the theme,  
 And scarcely fit for rhyme, whilst, in the arts  
 Aonian, I but little skill can boast.

Say, what were erst the Heathen Gods, th'  
     praise  
 Of Gentile Devotees ? Throng'd was their Heav'n  
 With Deities impure, a rout of Gods.  
 Their Jove was Heav'n's arch-sinner, and his  
     Queen  
 Its noisy shrew : the jovial sot above  
 Their Bacchus, and a courtesan profess'd

Their



Their Venus, Queen of smiles ; though, gadding  
once

To Trojan fields, and wounded by a dart  
Launch'd from a mortal hand, she yell'd aloud  
And made the Thund'rer smile : the Lemnian Pow'r  
Hight Vulcan limps a cuckold in disgrace ;  
Whilst gallant Mars caught in a net affords  
Pastime for Gods, and Heav'n abounds with jests.  
This God a fidler, that a quack proclaims ;  
This sneaks a thief, and that a bully storms.  
A Brothel and a Sodom was their Heav'n ;  
And lech'rous Jove, with lewdness in the skies  
Ill satisfied, on earth descends in search  
Of low adventures with his mortal dames :  
To gain his point, or trickles in a show'r,  
An eagle soars, or rows a stately swan,  
Frisks in a bull, or crawls a wretched ant  
Ungodded to the dust : Nor Heav'nly dames,  
Their glory laid aside, to mortal men  
Squeamish refuse to yield their matchless charms.

Heav'n ill contain'd its num'rous breed of Gods,  
Who now, push'd from their seats above, and low

On earth descended, murmur in a stream,  
 Howl in the storm, and sadden in the grove ;  
 Or plenteous in a countless tribe of snails  
 O'erun Egyptian gardens, where the Gods  
 In many a handful might be pick'd with ease.  
 There low'd the ox, a Deity profess'd  
 By man ador'd, no less a brute debas'd  
 In superstition sunk : no wonder once  
 By the wise few Meonia's bard was deem'd  
 Unfit to tread th' Elysian flow'ry plains,  
 Framers of wicked Gods. When such his sense  
 Of Deity, can misinstructed man  
 His manners frame, as reason well directs ?  
 As are their Gods such are the devotees,  
 For men will act as faith persuades the will.  
 Impure the rites the Priest and Statesman fram'd  
 In high conjunction : 'twas no wonder then,  
 That man, prone to slide down the steep of vice  
 By such prescriptive rights, should stray from  
     Heav'n  
 In the soft hour of trial. Thus the great  
 Were first involv'd in error, which in course  
 Descended to the lower spheres of life :

As on the mountain's brow a mist is seen  
 At first, then gradual to the vale below  
 Rolls the grey burden down, and deep involves  
 The dim-seen village with its farms and trees,  
 'Tis sung that oft' the wiser few, allow'd  
 To reach the sanctity of Truth's recess,  
 A better creed maintain'd : but then 'tis urg'd,  
 The many err, the many roll in vice,  
 And these compose the body of the state.

Now be it mine to take a nice survey  
 Of ancient rites and feasts. Base were the rites  
 And blasphemy the faith : with such a tale  
 Almost is song defil'd : sacred should be  
 The Muse's song, for ev'ry song is due  
 To Virtue and to Heav'n. Yet here 'tis our's  
 To tell how Heathen Gods were serv'd amiss,  
 And how of need was erst the Christian scheme,  
 Where the best rules of life are taught, where wise  
 And good the great sublime of Heav'n is drawn.

Then let a tale instruct. At Thebes a feast  
 In honour of the blooming God of wine

Was

Was once proclaim'd : from far the devotees  
 Joyous arrive to worship and to sin.  
 The scene a grove, and with a fane adorn'd  
 Illustrious in the midst : far round there spread  
 An area op'ning wide, where stood in form  
 The plenteous chear on tables and in cups  
 Unnumber'd, to debauch a countless throng,  
 With store of holy Priests to prompt the work.  
 Gloomy the grove appear'd, as if concern'd  
 At such abominations as will soon  
 The shades pollute. Sad did the stock-dove moan,  
 And sighs were heard in ev'ry rustling breeze.  
 The low'ring skies appear'd to frown dislike,  
 Or sickly look'd the sun through clouds malign ;  
 But ominous signs unheeded pass, when men  
 Are bent on deeds so grateful to the sense.  
 First bled the browsing goat, a foe to vines ;  
 Then bled the vinous cask, forth-spouting fierce  
 To swell the drunkard's throat. Permitted now  
 The wild religion riots through the grove,  
 Loud roars the noisy wake of devotees,  
 And reels the unstedfast homage, for this God  
 Ador'd, well-pleas'd, his Church in liquor sees.

The



The Evo Bacche sounds, and through the shades  
 Rush in full cry the horrid-yelling dames  
 Urg'd by the sacred frenzy ; whilst the God,  
 High-lifted by the shouting crouds, is borne  
 In gleeful triumph. Deep the revel-quaffs,  
 'Till fully steep'd, and purpled with their zeal  
 Are all the devotees : but viler scenes  
 Take place, for rape and murder groan around.  
 Loud shouts the grove, the seat of war ; the sword  
 High-brandish'd for the Thyrsus now unseen,  
 Whilst wine and gore in streams promiscuous flow.  
 Coupled in guilt, the female and the male  
 Odious subside, the same their warmth of zeal,  
 Fled to the deep recesses of the grove,  
 The dark retreats of sin ; and scarce refrain  
 In open view to act. Now night, desir'd,  
 Dark round these hated scenes her curtain draws ;  
 But vice now rampant grows, when by the night  
 'Tis screen'd from public view. Thus howls the  
 grove

With groans of murder, rape, and drunkard's song,  
 Ill for the song exchang'd of th' ev'ning bird  
 Now banish'd from his haunt. Sin ends not yet,

But

But runs the course of one revolving moon,  
 'Till human nature can no farther go  
 In such a loose career, and sense is pain.  
 Wearied at last with vice the devotees  
 Retreat, whom yet the sword and riot spar'd.

Such rites impure on man the blackest stains  
 Of foul dishonour shed, and o'er the state  
 Deluge corruption: where rebellious sense  
 Lawless usurps, there reason is dethron'd  
 And anarchy confounds. Lo, ev'ry ill  
 From thence ensues, the nation's morals lost,  
 Morals its strength, the bridal bed abhor'd,  
 The cries of babes unheard, and sad the land  
 Drain'd of its wealth; and in such brutal rites  
 Since ev'ry order sinks, the mischief spreads,  
 As spreads the foul dishonour through the state.

Not much unlike the Bacchanalian rite  
 The Cytherean, only in the name  
 Minutely varied; murder foul-besmeared  
 In each up-rear'd his bloody axe, and rape  
 Yell'd her dishonour, whilst potation drain'd

His

His endless cups, and pleasure lay bemir'd  
 Grunting his lewd intent : such evils flow  
 From faith when thus abus'd, and such abuse  
 Is ever certain, as 'twas ever meant.

But worse than these are the tremendous rites  
 Of human victims slain : This in excess  
 Is superstition, and by human law  
 Foul murder sanctify'd, What is not done  
 By man, when superstition rules his heart,  
 His head by better reason uninform'd ?  
 When o'er the state impending ruin lour'd,  
 Implacable the Gods were deem'd, if man  
 Bled not a victim slain, thus to avert  
 The wrath of injur'd Heav'n, as if the skies  
 With Cannibals were throng'd, and human flesh  
 Gorg'd by the Heav'nly pow'rs. Not slaves alone  
 But youth of noble blood, of faultless form,  
 And gentle manners bleed ; by force compell'd  
 To the grim slaughter-house of Idol-Gods,  
 Proud off'rings, and the sacrifice was man.

Hamilcar

Hamilcar was a youth with ev'ry grace  
 Sweetly adorn'd, and noble was his blood,  
 The joy of ev'ry eye, with wisdom crown'd  
 Virtue and sense : but oh ! such worth was vain,  
 And soon to be no more. A lying tale  
 The Oracle pronounc'd, of Heav'n's behests,  
 That all his blood must flow to clear the state  
 Of moral guilt, and shield it from its foes.  
 As first in rank, 'twas his the first to bleed,  
 And lead the work of death. His tender leave  
 Mournful he takes of parents, friends, and love,  
 Of love the softer tie ; who view him gone  
 With pious tears, and catch the farewell glance.  
 With bleeding heart he bids adieu to state,  
 To youthful pleasures, and to sacred home.  
 Led to the holy grove with downcast eyes  
 And melancholy thought, no kind release  
 From death can be procur'd, for fix'd as Fate  
 The cruel order of the state remains.  
 Clad in his sable weeds, with tardy step  
 To the dark Fane he bends, where grimly frowns  
 The Idol-God ; but darker is his mind

O'ercast



O'ercast with wint'ry sorrow: nature shrinks  
 At distant death, and starts in every nerve.  
 Heav'n shews dislike at such misdeeds on man,  
 In thunder mutter'd with a solemn voice,  
 And with a browner horror lours the grove.  
 Pale at the holy altar fix'd the youth  
 Devote appears, whilst loud the parents rave,  
 And griev'd spectators pour their woe-fraught  
 hearts.

In vain the wretch for life presents his plea,  
 And vainly flows his eloquence of tears.  
 Rueful he views the instruments of death:  
 He views and weeps, for soon by coward hands  
 'Tis his to fall, not in the laurell'd field  
 Where fame his wreaths presents: Now basely  
 stretch'd  
 On the vile altar, loud his shrieks are pour'd  
 Which pierce the skies, and Heav'n attentive  
 hears.

Complete the Fatal blow is urg'd: his soul  
 In purple streams indignant issues forth,  
 And fled to Heav'n her right of justice claims,  
 Justice on earth denied; nor pleads unheard

Her

Her righteous cause, for Heav'n his pity shews,  
And stooping Gods attentive hear his tale.

In him the direful work was but begun ;  
For others bleed by droves, 'till all the soil  
In gore is drench'd, whilst groans and shrieks are  
heard,

The vocal homage utter'd : smear'd in blood  
The murder'd corpes lie in heaps around,

As if a battle there had strown the field  
With bleeding carnage : vainly sound the trump  
And timbrel through the grove to drown the  
shrieks

Of victims slaughter'd, and the dismal howl  
Of grieving parents, frantic at the sight  
Of their lov'd offspring slain. " Mine is no  
more,"

Is the sad language of parental grief,  
And, " mine is dead," resounds through all the  
coast.

Bedew'd with tears the dead are lodg'd in graves,  
Or blazing in the funeral pyre consume,  
Whilst martyr songs the solemn day conclude,

Sadden

Sadden the grove, and sadden ev'ry heart.  
 Darker the ev'ning grew, all-muffled rose  
 The conscious stars, and shaded was the moon,  
 Or gleam'd malignant : more than usual sad  
 Sang the sweet bird of night, whilst countless  
 ghosts  
 Of victims haunt the melancholy grove,  
 Point out their deadly wounds, and yell revenge.  
 But, worse than ghosts, the guilty conscience scares  
 The vile projectors of such foul misdeeds.

Horrid it is, that in the human mind  
 The sense of right should fail, though written  
 there,  
 Fair by the golden pencil of the skies.  
 That human hearts should cease to bleed at woe,  
 Woe wrought by man, not sent at Heav'n's behests ;  
 And reason's beaming lamp should be eclips'd  
 By superstition's shade : Thus man will act,  
 When fancy without reason frames his God.  
 Weak is the mind where reigns without controul  
 Religious error : there the man of craft  
 Levels his aim to reach the flight of fools,

M

Who

Who still is calm himself, when through the croud  
 The sacred frenzy runs : serene he steers  
 The bark of state affairs, to make the freight  
 His own, intent ; and often gently yields  
 To popular madness that his pow'r may thrive,  
 Although the truth and right are doom'd to bleed.

Say, what is superstition, say, ye wise ?  
 'Tis false religion moon-struck, faith run mad,  
 And human reason in a fottish state ;  
 Old Night involving all the moral world,  
 The mind's dark Chaos with its loud misrule,  
 And the heart's Titan pride which scales the Heav'n's ;  
 A Gorgon terror which congeals in man  
 His sense of right and wrong ; and where she dwells  
 A howling wilderness of woe, where all  
 The savage passions are let loose on man.

Not so religion, born of Heav'n she walks  
 Graceful on earth ; spontaneous in her paths  
 Up-spring the flow'rs of wisdom ; where she dwells  
 Is man ennobled, tender mercy weeps,  
 Laws bind, and justice holds his equal scales :

The



The stormy passions fail to overthrow;  
 The planted virtues ; friendship warms the heart,  
 And fame his trumpet blows in human praise.  
 Life fears no dang'rous rocks where she resides  
 'Till landed safe in Heav'n, and 'tis through her  
 That death comes late to man without his groans,  
 And the grim terror of his mortal frowns,

Say, thus replete with ev'ry ill sprung not  
 The false religion from the dark Divan  
 Of Hell's black Ministry ? Satan at first,  
 Founder of wicked counsel, erst devis'd  
 Such impious rites and tenets, and to spite  
 The throne supernal broach'd them on the earth,  
 But, wise and good, the omnific claims from man  
 The purest homage, th' unpolluted lip,  
 The lift of bloodless hands, and heart averse  
 To purposes unjust, and humbly bent  
 As bends the prostrate knee. A bleeding heart  
 Flows the best offering to delighted Heav'n :  
 But human blood, unjustly shed to please  
 An idol, shocks religion ; for, if Heav'n  
 Rejoic'd at murder, Heav'n there would be none.

A barb'rous faith ungods th' immortal pow'rs,  
And Gods impure would make a Hell of Heav'n.

Vile was the tenet that supreme decrees  
In intrails steam, or in the flight of birds  
Waft through the croaking sky; that nature's Sire  
But blazes from the East, or shrinks debas'd  
Low in the confines of a temple coop'd,  
As if a little God, when Heav'n his spread  
Of glory ill contains, through all the fields  
Of space expanded; that a spicy tree  
In fragrant fumes ascending can delight  
The monarchy of God, when all the earth  
Is his, and forests on a thousand hills.  
No tenets owe their birth to him which shade  
The splendor of his high perfections known,  
Remove from human minds the landmark views  
Of human duty, or which foul deface  
The moral beauty of a feeling heart.

Abhorr'd the old-taught error that the soul  
Dies with the body's frame, or passing thence  
Lives in the brute: the Transmigration creed

Is folly passing down from fool to fool  
 In right succession ; and the Atheist faith  
 Serves but to lead mankind to fordid huts  
 Of kennell'd pleasure, or conduct them blind  
 Where deep destruction opens. This believ'd  
 That man's reflecting principle within  
 Will never die, and that th' immortal palm  
 Will grace the just is virtue's firm support.  
 Nor, Epicurus, less absurd thy creed  
 That in the hall of Heav'n, discharg'd of care  
 And eke of thought, the Gods Ambrosia chew,  
 And like good fellows of the sky profess  
 The nectar bottle ply, or ply the jest.

With Gods like these can man be blest'd ? A source  
 Of boundless mischiefs are such errors taught,  
 And error speaks the need of truth reveal'd.  
 But God gave light and truth, who gave his Son,  
 And, when on earth the Son was sent, in Heav'n  
 'Twas holy-day proclaim'd, and wond'rous praise  
 High-sounded from ten thousand angel harps :  
 Loud rang th' Empyreum, and in transport joy  
 Shouted the morning-stars : mute stood the earth

At such high joy in Heav'n, and this the song,  
 Glory to God on high, on earth be peace  
 And Heav'n's good-will to men ; for dawning fair  
 'Tis now the birth-day of the moral world.  
 Nature of this event high tokens gave,  
 For flooding Heav'n unusual glory roll'd,  
 And a new star flam'd in th' astonish'd skies  
 Portentous deem'd, and, never seen before,  
 Perplexing Monarchs, whilst the Eastern Sage  
 Admir'd the blazing stranger, by whose light  
 He with his costly gifts was led to where  
 The Heav'n-born child was seen. The swains at  
 night,

On mountain tops, survey the ominous light  
 With high-adoring wonder, and this speech,  
 From Heav'n's arch'd dome pronounc'd, they over-  
 hear,

This is our Son, the pleasure of our sight.

Shrunk into man the Saviour's birth was mean,  
 Shorn of his splendors : hence the human eye  
 Painless beheld the glory-empty'd God,  
 Who stoop'd to earth that man might rise to Heav'n,  
 And



And serv'd that man might wear a regal crown.  
 Transition strange on high from th' Empyreal throne  
 Descended to a cot of mean account ;  
 For now a manger holds what Heav'n before  
 Could scarce contain, his glory in extent  
 So wide-emblazon'd, and by angels seen  
 At awful distance prostrate, but by crouds  
 Now scarcely notic'd : thus his goodness flow'd,  
 And humbled thus was Heav'n let down on earth.

Wond'rous it was, the seers had long foretold  
 This gracious act. Rapp'd into future times  
 Through their prophetic telescope they view'd  
 The great Messiah's glory from the sky  
 Beaming illustrious, and they well pronounc'd  
 Shiloh should surely come, when now no more  
 The sceptre grac'd the hands of Judah's Kings,  
 Their pomp of empire trodden underfoot.  
 Big with th' inspiring God they else foretold  
 That o'er the world the wand'ring Jews should roam,  
 Unown'd by Heav'n, on all the earth abhorr'd,  
 And without law and empire of their own :  
 Long have the Jews roam'd o'er th' admiring world,

Unown'd by Heav'n, on all the earth abhorr'd,  
 And without law and empire of their own.  
 Thus wanders ev'ry Jew a wand'ring light  
 On the dark gloom of prophecy to throw  
 Shining conviction, and direct the feet  
 Of mortals through the wilds of hidden truth.  
 By prophecy the high records of Heav'n  
 Are handed from its Archives down to man,  
 Who high-inspir'd proclaims them to the world.  
 Prophetic truths at first are ill-discern'd  
 Through the long avenues of distant times,  
 But, when approach'd, they fill the view enlarg'd  
 With stately wonders : hence all unbelief  
 From a bad heart must flow, the heart full-fraught  
 With serpent spite, and pride which licks the dust :  
 Hence faith and reason vary but in name.

By miracles the great Messiah proves  
 Himself the sent of Heav'n. See, aw'd by him  
 The blushing water purpling into wine :  
 Safe on the liquid pavement of the sea  
 He walks undaunted, while the waves around  
 Subsiding own his presence : At his word

The

The deafen'd ear is winded into sound,  
 And new-born light is flash'd on darken'd eyes,  
 'Till joyfully, before the swimming sight,  
 Men, domes, and trees return : In triumph throws  
 The lame his crutches by : the torpid nerves  
 Of Paralytics quiver into sense :  
 Whilst howling Demons quit their lease in men,  
 And wak'd to life up-start the sleeping dead.

The best and certain tests of truths divine  
 Are high-wrought miracles. These, as it were,  
 Are God in all his pomp display'd to man,  
 Creation alter'd for the gen'ral good ;  
 A short repeal of nature's gen'ral laws,  
 And human faith assisted : hence it is  
 That sense can judge of truth, and less of use  
 To man is reason with her puzzling rules,  
 All men can see, but few can reason well :  
 Hence signs and wonders are a gen'ral good.  
 Lodg'd in a well the truth is pump'd with pain,  
 But by a sign convincing quick the mind  
 The truth explores : much better is the faith  
 Through the bright focus of the sense convey'd :

Thus

Thus by a wonder's dumb persuasion taught  
 Men soon believe reform'd : hence the coin'd words  
 Of art scholastic, hammer'd out with pain  
 By haughty pedants, and by them at last  
 Ill understood, now serve no useful end.  
 The pow'r miraculous from Heav'n deriv'd,  
 And sent on earth, nor in a corner lurk'd,  
 Nor walk'd in darkness, but in public scenes  
 For ever was perceiv'd : for crouds beheld,  
 In ev'ry public place, what mighty works  
 The great Messiah wrought beyond the reach  
 Of nature's gen'ral laws : hence unbelief  
 Soon redden'd into blushes, and ador'd  
 The Christian cause, though first it was his scorn.

Thou sharer of the immortal throne, in whom  
 Forth blaz'd the effluence of parental pow'r ;  
 Thou great Messiah, taught by thee the truth  
 Eternal fills the earth, and drawn by thee  
 Illustrious shines the Infinite of Heav'n ;  
 With whom compar'd the solar beams are dross,  
 Who darkens with his lustre human sense,  
 Hid thus from sight profane ; yet in his works

Sha-



Shadow'd is he perceiv'd : that medium tames  
 His glory to the feeble sense of man,  
 His strong effulgence mellow'd thus. Is there  
 In nature aught so pure as nature's Lord ?  
 How then is he compar'd ? Here, silence, muse  
 Th' unsully'd brightness of the immortal throne.

Parent of nature, universal good,  
 What other name so well his glory speaks,  
 Styl'd is the Christian's God : so kind a pow'r  
 Is still to man amidst the storms of life  
 His mind's fair weather, and his wing of hope,  
 Or vision beatific ; but a God  
 Barb'rous pronounc'd is th' idol of a fool ;  
 Satan without his name, or in the skies  
 A real Zodiac monster with his claws,

Not so the Christian's God, of whom thus tells  
 The Sacred Page, that with its kindly warmth  
 His love on nature broods, flows in the stream  
 All-bountiful, and in the gentle gale  
 Refreshing breathes, whilst vegetation springs  
 The green expanse of his benign regard :

Soft

Soft in the vernal show'r his goodness falls ;  
 Whitens the blossom'd tree, and loads the bough  
 With ruddy burdens mellow ; wide the plain  
 Clothes with a pomp of harvest, and the vat  
 With gushing plenty fills ; 'till, pleas'd, the swain  
 Far o'er the land his cup of blessings shews,  
 And jolly autumn sounds his rustic joy.  
 The valley-sounding low of lusty kine ;  
 The bleat of mountain flocks, and song of birds  
 In woodland, or in air aloft, proclaim  
 How blest they live ; and their blest state proclaims  
 A gracious-ruling cause. Such blessings flow  
 Not from a cursing God : such order springs  
 Not where confusion mobs it through the world :  
 Nor could such plans of wisdom e'er be trac'd,  
 Where blind chance stagg'ring had the lead of things.

Wisdom and pow'r the Christian's God adorn  
 In high perfection ; for in Sacred Writ  
 'Tis well pronounc'd, so high th' eternal thought  
 Soars from our ken, that man, most wise on earth,  
 With God compar'd, is but a fool ; the jest  
 Of all-wise Heav'n, when things of high account

He

He fain would master. By the modern's art  
 Much of the Immortal's wisdom has been found ;  
 But more unfound remains : What man perceives  
 Let man adore, and elsewhere long to see  
 The wonders of the rest ; wisdom and pow'r  
 In noble fellowship combin'd to form  
 This complex grand machine, the universe :  
 Creation is the pow'r of God amass'd ;  
 His wisdom is the world's conducting mind.  
 Let there be light, God said, and there was light.  
 Great majesty of day, the sun, was form'd,  
 And o'er the world his blazing glory pour'd,  
 Sublimely thron'd in his meridian tow'r.  
 Flung through the void of space, around him move  
 The planet train ; but still the parent sun  
 Keeps his bright station, and with golden chain  
 Safe-holds his circling orbs ; with discipline  
 Most strict, the hosts above through Heav'n's high road  
 Their wond'rous rout effect. Wisdom and pow'r  
 First shap'd our mother earth, her axis wheel'd,  
 And spun her robe of air, refresh'd with streams,  
 With forests tufted, and embalm'd with flow'rs :  
 Pow'r much ador'd, that into motion heav'd

The

The earth, and wrought rotation in the sky;  
 Still visible this pow'r, for motion lasts;  
 Still seen this wisdom in the world preserv'd.  
 Such is God's pow'r, that his eternal hand  
 Th' eternal mountains weighs, and all the length  
 Of Heav'n his fingers span: to him the earth  
 Appears a dusty atom, and the sea  
 A drop of small account. How vast his pow'r,  
 His essence how immense! Our system, known,  
 Is but a portion of his work begun:  
 For distant rang'd throughout the vast profound,  
 Lo, other suns and other systems glare;  
 Unnumber'd worlds, dread-rolling through the fields  
 Of space unbounded, more than angels ken  
 Plac'd on the peak of heav'n: Here fancy flags,  
 And man grows giddy at the wond'rous view.  
 Dumb let our language be, and mortals muse  
 With hush'd attention Heav'n's eternal praise.

In man as fair God's matchless wisdom shines,  
 The world in miniature, stamp'd with the marks  
 Of God's bright image; with a reas'ning soul  
 Illum'd; and by his passions duly stirr'd;

For



For all the passions have their use, and each  
 His own department knows, and each respects  
 The balanc'd good of man's internal state.  
 A fine machin'ry is the human frame,  
 Well-bound with countless strings in proper tune;  
 And floated with its juicy streams which flow  
 In nice meanders for some useful end.

But still the mind is man's more noble part,  
 'The work supreme of Heav'n : 'tis by this pow'r  
 He mounts the poles, and with the splendid train  
 Of planets travels, traverses the fields  
 Of boundless space, and tells how comets speed  
 Excursive to the frontier bounds of Heav'n :  
 That midsea moles are thrown to bar the waves  
 Raging with mountain terror, but in vain :  
 That, from the deep, is rescu'd many a state,  
 Old Neptune streighten'd in his mutt'ring bounds :  
 That streams decoy'd forsake their wonted tour,  
 Admiring flow'rs and meadows not their own ;  
 And hulks of tow'ring height are fram'd to ride  
 Safe o'er the terrors of the stormy deep,  
 What have not Britons fram'd ? That mighty rocks  
 From

From earth are torn, and into cities roll'd ;  
 Domes, arches, fanes, and tow'rs with glitt'ring spires  
 High-rai's'd emblazon'd, as if orient suns  
 They match'd in splendor ; that the lofty hills  
 Are flatten'd into plains, and into hills  
 The vallies rise illustrious ; that old truth  
 Gleams through the wilds of time, and th' ancient Sage  
 Plain to the modern talks : in Warburton  
 What have not th' ancients utter'd to the world ?

But the high glories of the Christian cause  
 My wand'ring song recall, whose founder taught  
 The purest rules of life, and kind to man  
 Divulg'd on earth the counsel of the skies :  
 His laws fulfill'd, man soars into a God,  
 And the earth blooms an Eden of delight :  
 Fair in his bright example shone his law,  
 His life the better sermon of the truth.  
 He taught a future state, ill-taught before,  
 Hid in a cloud of fable, and the door,  
 Which leads to Heav'n, he open'd to the world,  
 Never th' enthusiastic, in their minds  
 Distemper'd, reason well : but he who shone

The

The world's transcendent light, for ever spoke  
 The words of sober truth, and sweet his flow'rs  
 Of rhet'ric flourish'd, but they yielded fruit,  
 The fruit of reason. Never was it known,  
 That in the cause of Heav'n impostors bleed;  
 But the Messiah bled : In dying groans  
 The truth he utter'd, and his pure intent  
 Gleam'd in his streaming blood : but, when he wept,  
 The world in darkness mourn'd ; and, when he felt  
 The pangs of death, an earthquake tore the globe ;  
 Graves op'd, ghosts yell'd, the rocks came tum-  
     bling down,  
 And the rent temple nodded o'er its base.

When o'er the earth the Sun of righteousness  
 Arose, then broke away the Heathen faith  
 Which long the world envelop'd : then the fraud  
 Of oracles no more impos'd on man ;  
 And humbled to the dust, from whence they came,  
 Down fell the impudence of brazen gods.  
 'Twas by the force of truth divine, though taught  
 By theologues unskill'd in human lore,  
 That human eloquence of high account

N

Was

Was thunderstruck, and fled with sneaking shame  
 The Rostrum's pride : thus yields to stronger light  
 The wisdom of the world, and Princes, taught  
 The better truth, renounce the mock renown  
 Of Pagan gods, and fathers of the church  
 Foster the infant growth of Christian faith.  
 Religion now, heart-mending, high adorns  
 The moral life of man, and 'tis no more  
 The flaunt of gorgeous show : stripp'd of the mean  
 Embarrassments of art, she moves with ease,  
 And charms the wiser world. The Christian truth  
 Is conscience lighted up anew in man,  
 Or reason issuing from the dark abyss  
 Of Stygian superstition, where she lay  
 For many a dreary period sadly quench'd :  
 'Tis nature's first religion born again ;  
 Her laws exploded long restor'd to use,  
 And better finish'd : 'Tis the truth of Heav'n  
 In its meridian splendor ; but the truth  
 Just in its early dawn is nature's light.

Say, ' sons of unbelief, what other god,  
 What other faith so well can ever claim

Your



Your high adoring praise : the Christian law  
 For ever was the first great law of love :  
 From hence 'tis clear that love of Christian truth  
 Must be the love of man, and on the heart,  
 Where kindness glows, sits gracious Heav'n in-  
 thron'd.

Say, what is unbelief in human minds,  
 But all the passions from their centre hurl'd,  
 And rushing lawless through unbounded space.  
 Still be it your's to act the righteous part,  
 And then believe ; for from the self-same fount  
 Belief and virtue flow. Nobly arise  
 And vulgar error scourge, but spare the truth ;  
 Rock idol Folly from his throne usurp'd,  
 But never, Titan-like, assault the skies,  
 Lest Heav'n hurls down his wrath, and blasts your  
 pride :

Like Littleton, defend and live the truth.

Compare the Christian's with the Pagan's faith,  
 And weigh th' eternal counsel of the skies.  
 Illustrious in the cope of Heav'n advanc'd,  
 Lo, yonder sun pours forth his blaze of rays :

Less light has yonder sun than Christian truth  
 By prophecy confirm'd, and all its pomp  
 Of miracles rever'd. Dark through the land  
 Yon greenwood spreads its solemn shroud of glooms,  
 That the bright face of day is half obscur'd;  
 Yon greenwood less is wrapp'd in shades obscure,  
 Than the vile tales devout of amorous gods,  
 And scolding goddesses in wrathful Heav'n.  
 Yon azure hills appear as if conjoin'd  
 With Heav'n, their site so distant from the eye;  
 Less distant hence are yonder sky-blue hills,  
 Than from the truth the Gentile's faith remov'd.  
 White o'er the carpet spread of yonder down  
 The fleecy flocks spread diverse, and devour  
 The thymy morsel, whilst with Chivy-chace  
 And fairy tales bemus'd the shepherd lies;  
 Less simple yonder sheep than devotees  
 Of Isis and Osiris, drove of gods  
 Bellowing along the Nile, and wisdom less  
 Beams in the Heathen priest than in the swain,  
 Whom Chivy-chace and fairy tales amuse.  
 Lodg'd on the thicket, or the mossy turf,  
 Yon active birds their callow youth attend;  
 And

And bees wheel through the air their humming  
flight,

Intent on fragrant spoil among the flow'rs,

Which blush in yonder particolour'd mead,

Where now beneath the oak, or in the pool,

The lowing herds the cooling shade demand ;

Emblems are yonder active birds and bees,

(If small with greatest things might be compar'd,)

Of Heav'n's high care to spread the Christian faith ;

And favoury less yon herbs and streams to herds

Than Christian truth, the food of souls, to man.

Thus by the potent force of Christian truth

Chas'd were the Pagan errors, as the fogs

Which croud the vales fly diverse, when the sun

Forth-breaking gilds the dew-bright landscapes  
round,

And Ether glitters one continu'd blaze.

# NOTES and OBSERVATIONS upon the Fourth BOOK.

Page 162.—Where dark-immur'd,  
And held a god, the feer of Druids liv'd.

Of the Druids there were three orders, the Druids properly so called, the Euvates, and the Bardi. It is very certain, that they dealt in human sacrifices, and believed the doctrines of the conflagration and the transmigration of souls. They are supposed to have derived their religion from the Magi. Those of Britain were the most celebrated for their learning, and for the great respect and honour which they received from the world. The accounts we have of them from history are very short, being almost lost in the wilds of time. It is certain also, that they taught some great and useful truths; but, whether they addicted themselves to all the idolatry and superstition of the other Gentiles, is not here determined. The intent of this book is to expose the wickedness and folly of idolatry in general, but not merely that of the Druids in particular; and a liberty is herein assumed of imbellishing this account of the matter, with such circumstances as are in part true from history, and partly probable.

Page 165.—For stamp'd upon his mind a sense  
of God  
Is found —

Hobbs's



Hobbs's notion, that the laws of nature are no more than the laws of the civil Magistrate, is a notion that has no foundation but in his distempered imagination.

Page 167.—And wounded by a dart  
Launch'd from a mortal hand——

This alludes to the story of Venus's being wounded by Diomede at the instigation of Pallas, her professed enemy. See Homer's Iliad.

Page 167.—To gain his point, or trickles in a  
show'r.

This and the following accounts of Jupiter's amours with mortal women are taken from Ovid.

Page 167.—Heav'n ill contain'd its numerous  
breed of gods.

Varro makes the number of Heathen gods to consist of thirty thousand. We say nothing of their Cloacina, Crepitus, and Stercitijs.

Page 168.—Framer of wicked gods,—

Homer's accounts of the Heathen gods were so monstrously absurd, that some have refused him a seat in the Elysian fields, and Plato banished him from his commonwealth for the same reason.

Page 169.—The many err, the many roll in vice.

However learned men have attempted to explain the mythology of the ancients, and considered it as couching under it some particular history of those times, it is certain, that the vulgar believed their theology in the grossest sense, and acted accordingly, to the great scandal of their morals. Although the wiser few among their philosophers might, upon their initiation into their mysteries, believe the unity of the divine nature in opposition to polytheism, it is certain that such belief was very confined, and of course it could be but of little use to society in general.

Page 170.—First bled the browsing goat, a foe  
to vines.

It was customary among the ancients to sacrifice a goat at their Bacchanalian festivals, because that animal is known to do great injury to the vines.

Page 171.—For rape and murder groan around.

The excesses committed at the Bacchanalia were so flagrantly wicked, that they were forbidden by an order of the Roman Senate.

Page 194.—'Tis nature's first Religion born again.

Christianity seems to be a republication of the religion of nature, which mankind had grossly corrupted, as the most learned divines have unanswerably proved. It seems also to be a great improvement

ment of the religion of nature, by the addition of some important doctrines sufficiently authorised. But we cannot suppose that mankind had no religious truths delivered to them before the Christian æra took place : such a supposition would impeach the wisdom and rectitude of the divine government.

Page 195.—Say, what is unbelief in human minds  
But all the passions from their centre hurl'd.

It has been questioned how it happens that some great men have no religion. This question may be well resolved by what is reported to have been said by the late most excellent Lord Cornbury in reference to the late Lord Bolingbroke, to this effect, that men of strong parts are sometimes men of the strongest passions : hence we may account for their demolishing what else would be so troublesome to them in their career of wickedness. But, to the glory of genuine Christianity, we may boast of a Newton, Locke, Bacon, Boyle, and others, who as they were the greatest geniuses, so they were great defenders, as well as practitioners of religion.

Ibid.—Like Littleton, defend and live the truth.

See the essay on the Conversion and Apostleship of Saint Paul, a most ingenious composition, consisting of the most masterly reasoning, in the most polite and elegant language, by Lord Littleton.

THE

THE  
F I F T H B O O K.  
On the Abuses of Christianity in the Church  
of Rome, and the Benefits of Liberty,  
Charity, and Moderation.

The ARGUMENT.

Penferoso, some time in the autumn, retires to the ruins of an abbey : he reflects upon the state of the Church : the usefulness of the Christian Ministry asserted. Their sacred call abused. All things in this world liable to decays and corruptions. The Church of Rome a spiritual tyranny or kingdom erected upon the ruins of the civil power. The dissolution of the Roman empire, a circumstance favourable to the ambitious views of the Roman Pontiffs. The steps taken to effect this empire over the minds of men, such as the promoting of ignorance, superstition, and enthusiasm among the people, the enforcing of an implicit faith, and the hindering of a rational examination into the truth of things : The bad effects of this spiritual usurpation. But all things upon earth have their bounds fixed by Providence. The Church of Rome in many places falls by her own weight. The reformation begun and necessary. The cruelties used to prevent its success. The story of the noble Galacius and his family starving in a dungeon. A massacre. The abuses of Christianity no proof of its not having God for its author. Liberty and charity recommended.

BOOK



## B O O K the F I F T H.

**T**HE swain has now his harvest stores secur'd,  
 And rustic mirth the village hinds dissolves,  
 The meed of endless toil : new-shorn appear  
 The levell'd fields, their bearded growth convey'd  
 In joyful triumph to its winter lodge.  
 Now rural sports commenc'd, the tutor'd hawk  
 Mounts to th' ethereal combat with the dove,  
 Or at the partridge from the stubble feast  
 Up-flying loud, or at the pheasant's gloss  
 Fierce aims the talon'd cuff : whilst swelling nets  
 Their twiny bondage spread for prey well mark'd  
 By the sagacious dog. O'er fallows, heaths,  
 Fields, woods, and plains the persecuted hare  
 Swift from the beagles speeds her mazy course ;  
 Clam'rous delight, loud-echoing through the land,  
 A rural concert, whilst with branching head  
 The stag through yonder lawn is urg'd, his soul  
 All flight, all fear, 'till under th' aged oak,  
 Torn by the murd'rous pack, he bleeds in death.

Nigh

Nigh tam'd is now the summer's ardent strength,  
 And sober is the year ; but summer yet,  
 As loth to leave the world, looks back and gleams  
 Frequent a radiant smile. Clad are the woods  
 Yet in their summer liv'ry, but their hue  
 Tawny appears, as if too long in use,  
 Where tempting fair the yellow reach of nuts  
 The swain invites. Now nor the sun inflames  
 Nor moisture chills ; well-temper'd are the skies  
 And bland the air. 'Twas then the Sage retir'd,  
 When day was at its height, to where up-rose  
 An abbey's dome, environ'd with a wood,  
 And screen'd beneath an hill from northern blasts ;  
 Sweetly romantic : near there flow'd a stream,  
 Bay'd into many a brimming pool, replete  
 With fishy tribes of speckled hue, which ply  
 Their humid sport well-pleas'd ; the lux'ry once,  
 And Lent repast of Rome's monastic drones.  
 Well-vary'd was the site ; here vallies deep  
 In verd'rous growth extend, where frisk the herds,  
 Or crop the dainty morsel ; there the view,  
 Extended, terminates on fallow'd lands  
 For future crop prepar'd ; or spread of downs

Ina-

Inamell'd with the flocks, or furzy heaths,  
And woods, the quiet haunt of rural game.

Spacious the dome in ruinous state appears,  
Magnificence decay'd ; o'errun with moss  
With ivy mantled dark, and, though unroof'd,  
Standing intire, where in a nod of wall  
Destruction threatens, and confusion mounts  
In many a heap around ; yet, to the view  
Of pilgrims, each apartment stands confess'd.  
Here opes the hospitable kitchen where  
The lazars once were fed, and where the gust  
Of eating was indulg'd ; but now it mourns  
The solitary haunt of ominous birds,  
Discordant songsters of the midnight hour ;  
The lizard's nurs'ry, and, at quiet eve,  
Frequented by the fox, or lonely hare.  
Silent is now the scene, where erst was heard  
The sound of human concourse. Near there stands  
The broken growth of ancient elms and yews,  
The seat of owls, and haunt of fancy'd ghosts  
Seen by belated swains. Here hollow sounds  
Beneath the tread of feet on vaults are heard,

Where

Where long-forgotten lie the dead in peace,  
 As if they ne'er had been : thus greatness here  
 Deplores its state decay'd, and names are lost  
 Once known to fame ; and thus is human life  
 An empty dream, and vain is human pride.  
 'Twas here that Penferoso stray'd a while,  
 And thus his moral contemplations ran :

Worthy th' immortal pow'rs above to give  
 Was erst the Christian faith, as whilom taught  
 Our serious song. Say, is it not a truth  
 Of high import, that Levi's holy sons,  
 The heraldry of Heav'n, God's terms of peace  
 Should offer to the world, and rules of life  
 To erring man dispatch ? A standing good  
 Was still a standing Ministry, ordain'd  
 Of things divine to tell ; for, should the sheep  
 On yonder plain, without a shepherd, feed,  
 Since prowling wolves untended flocks devour ?  
 From future woe the heedless should be warn'd,  
 And truths forgotten should be oft' recall'd,  
 Prun'd by rebuke th' immortal mind of man  
 Bursts into fruit, but, when neglected long,  
 With



With vice'tis overrun ; and, by the dew  
 Of knowledge cherish'd, still will virtue's seeds  
 Take deeper root, and pompously expand,  
 'Till man ripe grown is gather'd for the skies.  
 Shall human laws by men be well explain'd,  
 But the high laws of God by human care  
 Remain untaught ? Conscience man's only guide  
 By Heav'n was ne'er design'd ; for she may err  
 Misguided in her scent, and, by the fumes  
 Of passion smother'd, dim would reason shine,  
 Unless her pow'rs by teachings meet improve.

But Levi's sons their sacred call abuse,  
 And Heav'n-born truth pervert : this ruinous pile  
 Stands a sad emblem of the faith decay'd.  
 Here virtue sunk as sinks this wall, and, high  
 As once this dome appear'd, the Papal pride  
 Its crest erected : surfeit here refus'd  
 The choicest viands, and the lazy monk  
 Ill dragg'd the tedious hour : bay'd here was once  
 The wealth of half a county hither borne  
 High in a golden tide : devout cabals,  
 Whence thrones were rock'd here held their awful seat,

For holy sceptres aw'd the world, and bold  
 This world alone the Christian kingdom own'd.  
 Here dimly-gleaming did the cloister'd faith  
 The world mislead ; there on the thrones usurp'd  
 Saint Idols sat enslaving ; yon abroad,  
 In the still hours of night, with horrid scream  
 Hooted the chanting Vestals, as if death  
 In charnels lodg'd could hear a midnight song.

But what will not decay as did the faith ?  
 Thus the proud oak, which long has stood the blasts  
 Which sweep the wint'ry skies, sinks to the ground,  
 When batter'd down with age ; Imperial thrones  
 Nod to their fall ; the earth itself shall melt  
 With fervent heat, and all the planet hosts  
 Fierce rush into the sun ; the sun himself  
 Grown dim with age, and ancient Night again  
 Dark-brooding all-involve the face of things :  
 Nought but the Sire of Heav'n unchang'd remains,  
 His glory undiminish'd, still the same.

In early days men own'd the Christian faith  
 And liv'd it too : right faith and morals then

Twin-

Twin-born from Heav'n arriv'd ; the earth enjoy'd  
 Her golden days again : then love was law,  
 And simple as the faith was ev'ry heart,  
 Free from the passions world-convolving storms,  
 And the malignant dusk of dark design ;  
 'Till, to disturb this glorious reign of peace,  
 High-brow'd ambition rose, and, in the pale  
 Of mother Church, his nodding plumage wav'd.

Tell me, ye wise, was not the Papal pow'r  
 A throne erected on the ruin'd thrones  
 Of temporal pow'r ; an empire o'er the mind,  
 Chain'd in the dungeon of implicit faith ;  
 Where reason never darts its needed ray ?  
 And did not Rome's high Pontiff ever rule  
 With iron rod, and o'er the abject world  
 His purple tyranny with woe extend ?

When now old Rome by the fierce-storming Goths  
 Was torn up at the root, and on the ground  
 Its low-fall'n honours lay ; when vacant thrones  
 Became unheeded things, and royal blood  
 All-shed was found no more ; then fill'd with pride

The Fathers of the Papal Church assum'd  
 Imperial state, drawn in the blazing car  
 Of proud ambition : then they titles chose  
 Of high import, and, floating in the robes  
 Of earthly grandeur, drew the gaze of crouds ;  
 Alien from Heav'n their minds, so much this world  
 And all its glory fir'd their graceless souls.

Thus favour'd much the times their lofty views  
 Of rising into rule ; but other things  
 No less concurr'd to give them due success,  
 Skill'd in the science of the human heart,  
 A science which ambition ever learns,  
 They wrought upon the hopes and fears of men ;  
 Two active-working springs, which ever give  
 The swiftest motion to the wheels of life.  
 Rome's Pontiff God's Vice roy on earth is deem'd  
 To wield his thunder, and his pity shed  
 To spare offending man ; or, with the keys  
 Of Heav'n intrusted, open to mankind  
 The door of Heav'n, and shut it at his will :  
 Hence with the dreadful roar of threat'ning bulls  
 All Europe echo'd, and all Europe fear'd ;



As if with vengeance arm'd hell's fable fiends  
 Were sent to scourge the world, or all the Heav'ns  
 Blaz'd into flames to waste the impious earth.

But mad as well as superstitious then  
 Was man, enthusiastically mad,  
 His passions in an uproar, and his mind  
 A black abyss of horror ; for, by pride,  
 Self-love, and malice rous'd, he deems himself  
 The chosen favourite of the partial skies ;  
 That from his throne descended God to him  
 His glory high reveals, his form presents,  
 And opens all his will, discovering things  
 Past, present, and to come : hence vainly mad  
 And hating all whom injur'd Heav'n is deem'd  
 To hate before, he pulls down regal thrones  
 And godly thrones erects : thus by the storm  
 Of his own mind he overturns the world ;  
 Fit instrument to aid the high designs  
 Of Pontiffs glorying in their high success.

But, all the world to rule with holy sway,  
 'Twas needful first its riches to possess :

Hence at a mighty price were pardons sold,  
 And sin was purchas'd at the trading shop  
 Of gainful priests : Indulgence is a mine,  
 The rich Peru of Popes : hence, monster-like,  
 Their wealth enormous rose, and with their wealth  
 Their pow'r increas'd, the terror of the world.

When Princes murder'd orphans with more ease  
 To pave their way to thrones, or nuptial beds  
 Defil'd, and plunder'd subjects of their wealth ;  
 Then yonder domes were built with lands annex'd  
 To soothe offended Heav'n ; nay, God's own grace  
 With pensions oft' was brib'd : hence from the land  
 The pence of Peter gingling took their flight ;  
 Peter the earth's receiver-gen'ral held,  
 And Rome the sinking vortex of its wealth ;  
 As if the King of Heav'n to Kings on earth  
 Basely would fawn a pensioner profess'd.

'Twas from the prospect of a blest'd escape  
 From the black horrors of th' infernal world  
 Purchas'd by pardoning briefs, that the whole mass  
 Of people join'd the Pontiff, and forsook

Their

Their lawful-ruling Kings, and at the sight  
 Of such desertion thrones are heedless things :  
 Hence flagellation oft' on Kings was ply'd,  
 'Till by the harsh instruction of the whip  
 Sore bled the royal hide : hence Princes griev'd  
 Their parent empire thwarted by the Church,  
 Their nursing once : nay, the great Monarch's  
     throne  
 Was rivall'd by its brother throne at Rome,  
 'Till Monarchs were controul'd by Monks, for thus  
 The Lords of conscience must be Lords of all.

But where, to frame this vast Goliath pow'r  
 Of Pontiffs, pardons with such ease were sold,  
 No wonder 'twas that Christian States became  
 Abominable sinks, th' impure retreats  
 Of ev'ry beast unclean, where welt'ring sin  
 Up-rear'd his dragon-head, and glar'd affright ;  
 That fam'd were Christian crimes, and licence ran  
 With swiftest gallop through th' abandon'd world.  
 Yon cave was once the road to secret vice,  
 And the Monk's shame was hid in yonder pool.

What mortal could such mighty honours bear,  
 Which from a thousand altars blazing rose ?  
 Who could behold such crouds of devotees  
 The supple knee of adoration bend,  
 And Monarchs throw their crowns beneath his feet,  
 And not be giddy on the heights of pride ?  
 Such honours paid to Pontiffs overset  
 Their minds, and sink them into less than men :  
 For thus the Pontiff would affect the nod,  
 And seem to shake the spheres, as if the throne  
 Of Heav'n he fill'd, and earth his footstool rose,

Such honours, wealth, and pow'r, must light the fire  
 Of proud ambition, and inflame the rage  
 Of competition : thus far diff'rent Popes  
 Arose, when roam'd a vagabond on earth  
 Infallibility, and each on each  
 Exterminating curses vainly hurl'd.

Thus, by such opposite conductors led,  
 Man strays bewilder'd in his search of truth,  
 And in his road to Heav'n : As when the swain  
 O'er hills deep-clad in snow pursues his way,

And



And bury'd are the marks, the distant trees  
 And peaks, by which he oft' had steer'd his course,  
 Erst seen, now in the bright confusion hid,  
 He wanders lost, and, by the bleak distress  
 Sadly o'erpow'r'd, he droops, despairs, and dies ;  
 Far from his native home and chearful hearth.

But Pontiffs ne'er had reach'd such heights of pow'r,  
 Nor held ev'n Monarchs in their magic chains,  
 If Ignorance, seated on her rayless throne,  
 Had not receiv'd obeisance from the world,  
 The holy mother of devotion held,  
 From whom, her genuine offspring, slav'ry sprung ;  
 Ignorance, a vaporous pest which first appear'd  
 Emergent in the wastes of slaught'ring Goths ;  
 And, as it gather'd o'er the Christian sphere,  
 The light of truth went down : hence the Monk's cell  
 Was error's dark recess, and all the arts  
 Inglorious fell, as rose the Papal sway :  
 Hence history shorten'd into Legend tales,  
 And, with the sprawling claw of frightful Greek  
 Deterr'd, the Monk his feminine survey  
 Draws from the letter'd page : hence the sweet voice

Of th' ancient bards grew dumb, and sadly sunk  
 In cobwebs all the ancient wisdom lay :  
 Then eloquence no more on human minds  
 Thunder'd persuasion : less the people fear'd  
 The ire of nature's universal Lord  
 Than a night-wand'ring ghost, and in a trick  
 Sound was their Monkish faith, whilst Legend tales  
 Their silly Creeds compos'd : All pray'r was pomp,  
 Gay in a gorgeous flow of ribbons deck'd,  
 And mystery, the wilderness of faith,  
 O'erran the Church, little the awful forms  
 Of virtue and of truth rever'd on earth.  
 Hence Pagan Rome and Christian are the same ;  
 And Mary flaunts the goddess of the Church,  
 Adorn'd with trappings like a painted nymph  
 Of fame suspicious ; whilst th' immortal soul  
 Of man mechanically grew devout,  
 By the light-sounding organ danc'd to Heav'n,  
 And soft devotion quaver'd in a song.  
 Up-rear'd the elevated host above  
 The head and understanding of the croud,  
 A little new-born God on fingers held,  
 Mild as a red-breast strok'd by smiling babes.

As

As Ignorance thus o'erarch'd the Christian world  
 With horrid shade, no wonder teem'd the Church  
 With Creeds of monstrous shape, and giant faith,  
 Tall into Transubstantiation grown,  
 Bully'd the world, and trod down common sense ;  
 And men with horrid blasphemy declar'd  
 They ate their bread-made God, or, in a cup  
 Dissolv'd, carous'd him : such an impious creed  
 Th' unletter'd Pagan would with horror chill.  
 Thus, as up-rose the Pontiff's height of pow'r,  
 Dark grew the world : as o'er the rolling sea  
 The promontory throws a length of shade  
 Proportion'd to its height, when, low-declin'd,  
 The ev'ning sun half hides his flaming orb.

But such a night of ignorance ne'er had then  
 The earth involv'd, but that implicit faith  
 Was honour'd, and the light of reason held  
 A glaring terror ominous : still to Rome  
 And all her craft reflection was a foe :  
 But high belief, from reason far-disjoin'd,  
 Was still the dire disease of minds infirm.  
 Reason, a light divine, kind Heav'n bestow'd

On man, by which he proves a first great cause,  
 And that the high records reveal'd are true :  
 Then blasphemously vain and fool is he,  
 Who thus upbraids this splendid gift of Heav'n,  
 This watchtower light held up for man, by which  
 Safe through the straits of life he steers his course ;  
 This day-star of the soul, this bright efflux  
 Of God to gild the chaos of the mind ;  
 And he who scorns his reason proves it lost.  
 Weak mortals shun the day of truth, well-pleas'd  
 To walk in shadows through the dreary land  
 Of faith implicit : thus the baser birds  
 Of night on charnel vaults, or ruinous walls,  
 Pass the dark midnight hour, and shun the day ;  
 But nobler eagles soar into the sun,  
 Emblem of minds enlarg'd. With such a faith  
 Begun the priestly trade of relics, beads,  
 Hosts, inquisitions, gibbets, racks, and wheels ;

But, though the world with fools too soon enslav'd  
 Did still abound, yet some of better clay  
 And thought more elevate were born, who look'd  
 With eyes erect on Heav'n, their native home :

Thus,



Thus, in the darkest age of Gothic night,  
 Many a genius meteor-like arose  
 The world surprising ; but they only rose  
 To fall again, bright glimmering for a while,  
 As yet the world was not prepar'd to bear  
 The full-orb'd glory of the truth restor'd ;  
 And dawning when a little o'er the earth  
 Appear'd her sun-like presence, and with joy  
 The bending nations hail'd the glorious day,  
 Soon from Cocytus bigot glooms arose  
 Quenching the light, and on the firm-resolv'd  
 Grim persecution work'd his groaning wheel.  
 Soon did the faithful bleed, or, exil'd, roam'd  
 In the wild desert's barb'rous solitudes,  
 Torn from their children's love, and sacred home,  
 Condemn'd forlorn to bear the chilling force  
 Of bitter-breathing Heav'ns, and mercy sue  
 From brutes devouring, or from bandit tribes  
 In murder flesh'd, loose-rambling o'er the world.

But now must sink this proud-erected tow'r  
 Of Papal greatness, from its center torn  
 By the deep-shaking burst of discontent,

Long,

Long-mutt'ring heard in secret, and too long  
 Press'd with a cumbrous weight of injury dealt.  
 Wisely to things on earth was ever fix'd  
 An everlasting bound, and human pride  
 And human mischief must no farther go,  
 Check'd in their swelling course. The mighty Pow'r,  
 Which laid the hills' foundations, with a chain  
 Of causes pendent on th' immortal throne  
 And reaching earth, upholds the moral frame.  
 Thus, in the course of things, and such a course  
 Of things must be th' appointment of the skies,  
 O'ergrown with wealth, and with her weight oppress'd,  
 Totters the Church, wide-reeling from her base ;  
 Her wealth, which, seen afar on Latian hills,  
 Kindles desire in avaricious Kings.  
 Soaring too nigh the elevated throne  
 Of God, soft melts the wing of Papal pride,  
 And headlong falls into the deepest woe ;  
 A pride which Heav'n and earth no longer bore ;  
 Whilst science in the Church was bid to dawn,  
 And by fair science was the Church undone,  
 Soon were her nesting errors well-disclos'd,  
 And her own doctors mark'd her villain craft ;

Her

Her errors long ingend'ring in the dark,  
 Now crawling forth, and sick'ning in the light.  
 Then Interdicts with open'd mouth were bid,  
 (O strange infatuation !) o'er the earth  
 To sound their terrors ; but they only serv'd  
 To call in opposition from the world.  
 The Church's breach, thus widen'd, well admits  
 The world's o'erflowing vengeance, which around  
 With whelming horror pours. Luther oppos'd  
 Made Luther's fame complete ; silenc'd, he spoke  
 The louder, like a trumpet strongly breath'd ;  
 His writings, burnt, enlighten'd all the world.  
 Luther, a simple priest, had liv'd and dy'd  
 To future times unknown, had not the roar  
 Of Interdicts been rais'd : led by the sound,  
 Curious the world explor'd the cause, and found  
 That long in labyrinths of error stray'd  
 The human mind, that long th' enchantments drear  
 Of Rome had chain'd the earth, and Papal claims  
 From the high fever rose of times distemper'd,  
 Or had their birth from Limbo's shady void.  
 Hence fail'd the Interdicts th' enlighten'd world  
 To terrify, and with the leer of scorn

Their

Their mummy threats were treated, for the rights  
 Of freedom all the faithful loud demand.  
 Thus radiant o'er the Alpine hills arose  
 The morn of science, quickly were dispers'd  
 The shades of Monkish error, and the world  
 Beheld the light, and in the light rejoic'd.

Now nought is heard but wits in high debate,  
 And, list'ning, all the world erect appears.  
 Rent is the Papal throne by Luther's force,  
 Luther, a stubborn wedge ; and daughters stray  
 'To mother Church averse : the image falls  
 Stamp'd on the ground by honest zeal, where erst  
 Fools nodded homage quaint ; the Abbot's lands  
 Fierce-ravish'd from the Church own other Lords  
 Plum'd with the sacred spoil ; the lordly Pope  
 Is held a simple priest, once deem'd a God,  
 And as a God ador'd : thus changing veers  
 To diff'rent points man's fleeting sense of things.  
 Hence fell the hoary Monarch of the faith  
 As fares the aged tree, which long had stood  
 Hung o'er the stream, when now at root decay'd  
 A dreadful deluge, pouring through the vale,

O'erturns



O'erturns his pride, and sends his state adrift.  
 Lost is the Papal magic, and the tales  
 Of ghosts yield festive mirth, whilst through the land  
 High joy to liberty is loudly peal'd.  
 Now half-dissolv'd is Rome's ill-gotten pow'r,  
 Ill-fitted to endure the glowing truth :  
 Thus in the gloomy winter's cheerless reign,  
 When drifted snows are pil'd on mountain tops,  
 A useless load, and long collected there,  
 Touch'd by the vernal sun's ethereal heat,  
 Dissolves the hoar incumbrance, and the hill  
 Half-rushes liquid down ; refreshing springs  
 The needful herbage on the spotted brow,  
 The swain rejoices, and the flocks are fed.

But in the moral world, so Heav'n ordains,  
 Nothing at once is finish'd : though the Church  
 Is sadly ravag'd, yet her wealth and pow'r  
 Are somewhat dang'rous still, and hugely throng'd  
 Are her proud doors, though numbers lately stray'd.  
 But now, her pow'r declining to support,  
 She arms her holy legions, highly bent  
 On fell revenge, and with the cruel rod

Of

Of persecution lashes : see, the Prince  
 Proudly equipp'd the battles of the Lord  
 To fight infuriate : murder hand in hand  
 With pray'r goes forth, 'till horrid waste deforms  
 The face of all the earth, and loud the voice  
 Of lamentation o'er the world is heard.  
 Behold, from Tiber's flood emerging fierce,  
 Bloated with gore, the hydra of its banks,  
 And arm'd with dreadful fangs, one-ey'd and grim  
 With Molock features stamp'd, whose constant meat  
 Is human flesh, whose drink is human blood,  
 Ordain'd to waste heretical estates,  
 And heretics devour, y'clep'd on earth,  
 O strange, the holy Inquisition Court.  
 Blush, Hell below, at cruelties above  
 Which rev'rend Atheists ply on faithful men.  
 See, the fires redden and the fewel men  
 High mounted in the blaze : the high and low,  
 The maids and matrons, burn, and embryo babes  
 From burning mothers drop ; for at their birth  
 Their fun'ral pyre was thus prepar'd, and soon  
 In slender screamings fled their little souls.  
 Lo, tortures dread are ev'ry-where prepar'd,

For

For wheels and gibbets, or the dungeon's gloom,  
The body kill to save the better soul.

I tell a tale : the ornament of Courts,  
The trust of Kings, and minion of renown,  
High-born, with honours plum'd, with wealth adorn'd  
Galacius liv'd : but oh, ill-fated Chief,  
Of heresy and wealth suspected, death  
Must be his certain doom ; his dearer self  
And his sweet innocents must share his fate.  
A dungeon's shade, for so the Church ordains,  
These noble guests receives. Silent and sad  
They look around distress'd, their feeling hearts  
Foreboding future woe : parent and child  
Look mutual horror ; for their only bed  
Lay the dank pavement, and the meagre fare  
Of slender hope their sustenance alone :  
When now, heart-piercing sound, the children cry  
For bread, but cry in vain, the close-barr'd door  
Deny'd admittance, and no tread without  
Of friendly feet e'er touch'd their list'ning ears.  
But so much light allow'd as made their woe  
Just visible, as shew'd their sadden'd looks.

P

And

And flowing tears. Again, each starving child  
 One morsel craves, but with a look alone  
 The parents answer, muter than the dumb  
 Unfeeling stand of statues : still their tears  
 The children shed, and speedy help implore,  
 O give us bread, or else we faint and die,  
 Their mournful-utter'd speech ; but still as deaf  
 Each parent's ear remains. With calling faint,  
 And ill-supported with the staff of bread,  
 They drop, with eyes fix'd on their parents lov'd,  
 To rise no more : now speechless, but with looks  
 Piteous and wan, expression strong, they mean  
 Their last adieu, then bow their heads and die :  
 Thus droop the vernal flow'rs o'ercharg'd with rain,  
 Or sever'd by the share : they die in turn,  
 The youngest first, at last the oldest starv'd  
 By meagre-looking want. The children dead,  
 The mother vents her sorrows which before  
 She studiously suppress'd, and with her shrieks  
 Night wakes them into life : frantic she beats  
 Her breast and tears her locks, dissolv'd in tears.  
 But oh, more dismal scenes take place, for now  
 The column of her mind, her reason, falls



O'erturn'd by stormy sorrow : though no more  
 Her children now, she fain would have destroy'd,  
 As if she thus might free them from their woe.  
 She thinks she sees in fancy's broken views  
 The world on fire, fiends rushing fierce from hell,  
 Seas breaking o'er the land, and bandit tribes  
 Herself and children murd'ring : hence she drives  
 Fierce and aghast about the room, and vents  
 Her incoherent jargon, 'till, full-spent  
 With famine and with grief, she at the foot  
 Of her kind Lord falls prostrate, which she bathes  
 With floods of tears, and presses with salutes :  
 But pale and languid now she breathes her last,  
 Her eyes fix'd on her Lord, but fix'd in death  
 Which gives her kind relief : Heav'n yields to her  
 A palm of glory, and with angels joins.  
 Galacius only lives, his woes complete,  
 With horror compass'd : here his prostrate wife,  
 There his sweet innocents stretch'd on the floor,  
 A family of death ; his reas'ning pow'r  
 Sufficient yet to mark his wretched state.  
 But grief and famine wither all his strength.  
 His end is nigh : propp'd by the handy wall  
 He rests upon his knee, but there not long

He rests, when now these words devout he speaks :  
 Jesu, to thee my spirit I commend  
 And all my foes forgive : then dropping down  
 He yielded up the ghost, when nature seem'd  
 To give a token of supernal wrath ;  
 For sudden blasts of wind rock'd all the dome,  
 And o'er the roof an ominous raven croak'd.

But what are these ? Mere preludes of distress,  
 A prologue to a tragedy of woe,  
 Or a dark entry to more hellish scenes  
 Of impious guilt. 'Twas on a time, where flows  
 The turbid Seine beneath Parisian tow'rs,  
 A land of slaves, by wholesale death was dealt  
 In direful massacres ; when now, by Priests  
 At nightly signals led, the bandit pow'rs  
 Of the vile Church half crucify the State.  
 The blood effus'd of Christians flows a sea :  
 With horrid cries the atmosphere around  
 Is torn, for hell is all let out on man,  
 And rage runs rampant ; murder is a sport,  
 And common ev'ry-where ; swift to the top  
 Of many a dome, and innocent as doves,

The

The faithful fly pursu'd, but fly in vain.  
 The wretch pursu'd in dire dilemma stands,  
 To chuse the sword fierce-pointed at his breast,  
 Or the Tarpeian death, from walls profound  
 Hurl'd to the street below, where murder gleams  
 And shrieks alarm : the ruffian fierce attacks  
 The Saint at pray'r, 'till pray'r is chang'd to groans,  
 And good Hofannas loiter on the tongue.  
 Of honour first, and then of life depriv'd,  
 The virgin is no more : thus blossoms fall  
 Torn from th' afflicted tree by vernal storm,  
 No sanctuary is allow'd, no flight  
 Effected ; for each avenue is barr'd  
 By the grim stand of death and threat'ning swords.  
 The bold plunge into rivers, but in vain ;  
 For there a wat'ry grave becomes their lot.  
 Pale looks the moon at such foul deeds ; the sun  
 Backward appears to rise, as loth to see  
 Such bloody fray atchiev'd : from day to day  
 This barb'rous work continu'd, 'till the arm  
 Nigh lost its pow'r to strike, but not the will  
 Of bigots lost its impulse to destroy.

Such massacres are bestial rage let loose  
 On Christian flocks from all the chains of law  
 And conscience meek, the Saturnalia held  
 Of th' Antichristian Church : thus flows the blood  
 Of the Reform'd, the drink of Priests ; their wealth  
 The aliment of all-devouring Rome.  
 Murder is such an off'ring, though 'tis held  
 An off'ring for the soul's new-blooming health ;  
 And, though God's glory is the high pretence,  
 Man's glory still is meant : but noble seeds  
 Of truth reform'd, thus sown on bloody ground,  
 And nourish'd by the dew of orphans tears,  
 Flourish admir'd, and Princes aid their growth.

Say, was not then as now the Papal Church  
 With moral stains deform'd, and should not stains  
 Be wash'd away ? Did not her faith and rites  
 Shock the best sense of man, his common sense ;  
 Her lordly step of pride disgust the world,  
 And her enormous riches give her pow'r  
 To sap the rights of men ? That thus it was,  
 'Tis by the wise confess'd ; and ev'n the Kings,  
 Who patronis'd the Church, aloud complain'd

Of



Of discipline neglected: right 'twas then  
 To mend the damag'd Church, and set upright  
 The moral world o'erturn'd by impious men.  
 Though the reforming Sages press their cause  
 With fury too unseemly, some excuse  
 May well be pleaded: such was still the state  
 Of human minds to freedom strongly bent,  
 That one extreme has ever its reverse.  
 Say, could the high Reformers ever shake  
 The Papal throne, had they not ply'd their work  
 With such impetuous ardour? A disease  
 Of threat'ning symptoms claims the harshest means  
 To work a certain cure, and such an end  
 Will justify the means: Thus, in the world  
 Of nature, thunder has its proper use  
 To purge the lazy air, and well reform  
 The elemental world corrupt. No less  
 Was Luther's thunder needful, low on ground  
 To level all the tow'ring pride of Popes,  
 That, thunderstruck, they impious might no more,  
 Like Titans, scale the Heav'ns, and from his throne  
 The Godhead try to hurl. Thus should we praise  
 The wond'rous pow'r above, which sends us storm,

And bids ev'n Luther's rage reform the world.

Such is the state of things, that foul abuse  
 Ev'n in the wisest institutions breeds.  
 Prolific of some ill is ev'ry good,  
 Each following each; and time, that must at last  
 All nature's frame destroy, impairs the frame  
 Of laws although divine. As sorely grieves  
 The nat'ral body oft' with health infirm,  
 So the religious grieves, when now it dies,  
 Or heal'd by proper aid it blooms again.  
 As in the civil state, when now are lost  
 Its first good institutes, 'tis needful held  
 That they be born again, and re-apply'd  
 In service to the state: thus, when of yore  
 The hoary wisdom of the ancient faith  
 And venerable rites was sadly chang'd  
 For man's light fopp'ries vain, 'twas rightly deem'd  
 That each abuse acquir'd should be reform'd,  
 And God instead of wafers high ador'd,  
 Virtue instead of ribbons, and the world  
 Above more sought, and less the world below.

Well

Well did the world hail Luther's rising day,  
 For less in cloister'd dimness hid is now  
 Th' inlight'ning truth of Heav'n; but, like the sun  
 High on his splendid throne, she stands confess'd  
 Rejoicing mortals, when she erst appear'd,  
 Like the faint sprinklings of departing day,  
 Or the pale taper of a distant star,  
 Or like the gleaming light the North affords  
 Zembla or Lapland, when the half-year night  
 Involves the freezing nations of the pole.

But tell me, unbelief, if less divine  
 Are the sublimer truths of Heav'n, though sunk  
 In gross abuse by knaves. A law abus'd  
 Speaks not its want of use: the healing art  
 Frequent has been abus'd, but who from hence  
 Infers such art is vain, and on the cheek  
 Of man no medicines well-apply'd can flush  
 The deep'ning glow of health. Th' immortal truth  
 Which heals the heart diseas'd, as us'd by man,  
 By man may be perverted: let not then  
 The faithless triumph with the gather'd spoils  
 Of ruin'd truth; and vainly we expect

Angel

*sumt hic et lachryma*  
 versu

Angel perfection in a human form:

Christian, would'st thou with daring unbelief  
 Successful fight, be just thy sense of things,  
 And genuine be thy faith, high from the source  
 Of God and nature streaming, which will best  
 Direct thy passage to th' immortal bow'rs :  
 Who learns the truth must error first unlearn.  
 Nor militant lay on the free-born Church  
 The same gay uniform of pompous rites ;  
 Nor ev'ry-where bid vocal worship ring  
 The same unvary'd chime, by off'ring force  
 To conscience meek ; and deem thy God obey'd  
 By morals better than by formal rites ;  
 Nor fail to warm with love thy Heav'n-born soul,  
 Love is thy brightest polish ; 'tis the gleam  
 Of Heav'n bespread on man ; or 'tis the breath  
 Of God which cheers the world. Not uniform  
 But variously display'd are all the works  
 Of nature's ruling Lord perceiv'd : thus stars  
 Of different magnitude the blue expanse  
 Of Heav'n's resplendent canopy adorn.  
 Religion sleeps or dies, when faith and rites

Are



Are uniformly press'd, whilst sparks of light  
 From freedom are provok'd, and vary'd faith  
 Kindles in men a rivalship in morals;  
 But uniform in superstition ends,  
 Slav'ry and persecution, nuns and veils:  
 And what is conscience forc'd less than a rape  
 Committed on the soul, in shameful breach  
 Of all the Christian laws, and in contempt  
 Of thron'd Omnipotence; for can we see  
 Through the dim curtain of another's eye?  
 If each must still conceive of things alike,  
 Why the same features wears not ev'ry mind?  
 But seldom vary much the wise, when fools  
 Of crabbed minds are fierce for crabbed words.

Come, charity, thou brightest in the train,  
 Th' immortal train of faith and hope deriv'd  
 From gracious Heav'n; come, build thy Church in  
 me.

The proper love of God is love of man;  
 And the meek moderate man for ever shines  
 The better man of God, ordain'd by Heav'n  
 To save the Church when kindled into flames,

And

And chain fell discord growling. Still 'twas found,  
 That eloquence and science without love  
 Are more disgustful than th' insipid twang  
 Of tasteless cymbals, or the harsh offence  
 Of loudly-beaten brass. Let boastful faith  
 Speak of her mountains mov'd; such faith is vain,  
 If love be wanting there. Proudly endow'd  
 May rise the abbey piles, and half the poor  
 May feed luxuriant from the hand that gives:  
 Such deeds of bounty nothing will avail,  
 If love, the better charity, has fail'd.  
 Banish'd from Councils and the rage of zeal,  
 Give me with Heav'n and thee to pass my days.

Ye waving pines, which cool on yonder hill;  
 Ye willows grey, which yonder shade the stream;  
 The moss-grown arch, by which yon mould'ring  
     dome  
 Is propp'd; and yonder cave with vapour dank  
 Beneath the hill; O hide me from the heat,  
 The dog-star fervour of intemp'rate zeal,  
 In its meridian blaze. Rather than live  
 Beneath the torrid zone of bigot wrath,

Still

Still let me range yon wood's becalm'd retreats  
 Unknowing and unknown ; still be the cave  
 My mossy dwelling, the pellucid fount  
 My only drink, and acorns all my food,  
 Hid from the summer's sultry wrath beneath  
 The beech's shading favour, and well-fenc'd  
 In winter from the winds, which distant growl,  
 Or harmless over head with constant hum  
 Sweetly amuse ; and frequent be my walk  
 Through yonder dingle, croft, or alley dark.  
 Nought is more odious than the fiding glance  
 Of bigot-malice : Nor can pity mild  
 Lodge in the zealot's shaggy breast. More fierce  
 And subtle is the man of high-flown zeal,  
 Than the dread vip'rous brood, which yonder haunt  
 The charnel's drear recess, the vaults and tombs,  
 When hissing forth they glide. How nobly bless'd  
 The fleecy flocks, which whiten yonder hill !  
 They know no sorrow, for they feel no zeal.  
 Happy to tend such flocks, or turn the glebe,  
 Primeval task ; when man in party schools  
 Was yet not enter'd to inflame the world,  
 Himself inflam'd ; when innocence and peace,

Disinterested, form'd the golden age.

Thus, when the stormy ocean pours its waves  
 Loud on the rocks in rough assemblage rang'd  
 Along the cliffy coasts, where wildly dash'd  
 Sinks the wreck'd vessel, and the seamen die ;  
 Safe on the promontory's height above  
 Stands the lone swain, rejoicing in his state ;  
 Fearless he kens the thund'ring terrors round,  
 The black commotions boundless ; but, as now  
 The seas and rocks a wint'ry aspect wear,  
 Serene as summer shines his blissful mind.

NOTES



# NOTES and OBSERVATIONS upon the Fifth BOOK.

Page 207.—Bay'd here was once  
The wealth of half a county——

The state, luxury, and voluptuousness, in which the Abbots in England, and the great concourse of strangers, whom they entertained in a way of hospitality, together with their maintaining the poor of their neighbourhood, are a proof of the vast endowments of abbies. It is then no wonder that King Richard the First of England complained so heavily before his Peers, that so great a part of the lands in his dominions were the property of Ecclesiastics. The many millions that great exacter Pope John the Twenty-second died in possession of is too well known to be repeated in this place. Father Paul is so honest a Catholic as to lay before the world the state of the immense riches of that Pope.

But mankind are too much disposed to act upon the extreme. At the Reformation there was by no means a sufficient provision made for the inferior Clergy of the Church of England, the evils of which are daily presented to our observation; and, considering the unavoidable expences of a learned education, such a scanty allowance has in it a degree of cruelty and injustice. In the transacting of any great affair, such as that of the Reformation, the  
miners

minds of men are often too much in a state of fermentation to act in all cases consistently with right reason ; but, when in a course of years people are become more temperate in their way of thinking, should they not take it into consideration to redress an evil so justly complained of by the wise and virtuous ?

Page 208.—For holy sceptres aw'd the world.

How much the Roman Pontiffs have thwarted the measures of Princes, o'turn'd Government, and attempted to render themselves absolute in Temporals, as well as in Spirituals, is very well known to such as are conversant in history. Symmachus was the first Pope, who stretched his authority so far as to excommunicate an Emperor ; he excommunicated Anastasius. This happened so far back as the sixth century. That Pope, declared, that the dignity of a Pope was as much above that of an Emperor, as Heaven is above the earth. Gregory the Great built upon the same foundation, and asserted in his Dictatus, that a Pope, canonically ordained, becomes holy by the merits of St. Peter. This Gregory it was who abetted the murder of the Emperor Mauricius with his Empress and children, and acknowledged the Usurper Phocas, because he was better inclined to the See of Rome than his predecessor. This Phocas confirmed to Boniface the Third, Gregory's successor, the title of universal Bishop. Gregory had his quarrels with

with most of the Princes in Europe, and particularly with Henry the Fourth, King of Germany, as he was called, who had the mortification to see his subjects revolt from their allegiance, at the instigation of the Pope ; and himself dethroned and put into prison, where he died : So great was the power of the Popes in those days. It may with truth be asserted, that those Emperors and Kings, who enriched the Popes with dominions and plumed them with titles, were for the most part usurpers ; for the proof of which the reader is referred to the history of Pepin and Charlemain, Kings of France ; and Phocas, Emperor of Constantinople. Hence it appears that the kingdom of Antichrist was founded on rebellion and usurpation.

Page 212.—Then yonder domes were built with  
lands annex'd  
To soothe offended Heav'n——

Many of our monasteries were erected and endowed to atone for murder and other enormous crimes. Thus, according to Camden, Milton-abbey in Dorsetshire was endowed by the Saxon King Athelstan, by way of atonement for his having taken away the life of his brother Edwin. In like manner, according to Speed, Offa, the Mercian King, to expiate for the blood he had spilt during the course of a long reign, and for his other crimes, erected the monastery at Bath, gave one tenth of his riches to the Ecclesiastics, and went

in pilgrimage to Rome, where he made his kingdom subject to a tribute, called Peter-pence.

Page 212.—And Rome the sinking vortex of its wealth.

The immense sums which the Popes drew yearly from England, when under their tyranny, are hardly credible, had not the accounts we have thereof been sufficiently attested. Almost infinite were the ways and means of transferring the wealth of England to Rome, as in the affairs of first-fruits and tenths, admission money, legatine levies, appeals, dispensations, indulgencies, pardons, Peter-pence, offerings, jubilees, pilgrimages, croisades, priories-alien, canonizations, knights-templars and hospitallers, and in many other things. According to Matthew Paris, and other famous writers of those times, the representatives of this kingdom, in the reign of Edward the Third, made complaint that the Popes collector held a receipt, or audit, equal to a Prince. King John wrote to the Pope in his time, signifying that this kingdom yielded him more profits than all the other countries on this side the Alps. It appears from the computations made in the reign of King Henry the Third, that the Pope's rents in England exceeded the crown revenues. In the Parliament held the 23d of King Henry the Eighth, it was computed that the Papacy had received out of England, for the investitures of Bishops only, since the second year of Henry



Henry the Seventh, not much above forty years, the sum of one hundred and sixty thousand pounds sterling ; an incredible sum, considering the scarcity and value of money at that time. No wonder then that one of the Popes called England an inexhaustible well and a garden of delight.

Page 213.—Hence flagellation oft' on Kings was  
ply'd.

This alludes to a fact well known in the English history of King Henry the Second's undergoing the penance of flagellation, or the flogging of Monks in Becket's affair. We say nothing of King John's being forced to resign his crown into the hands of the Pope : only it might be observed that the act of the Pope : in receiving a temporal crown, is hardly consistent with the humility of one who styles himself the humble servant of God.

Page 213.—Yon cave was once the road to secret vice,  
And the Monks' shame was hid in yonder pool:

This alludes to some affairs of the Monks, which gave great scandal in those times, even to the Imperial Court of Germany ; but which, in a grave work, it would not be proper to mention. Be that as it will, this is certain, that the bold speech of the Bavarian Ambassador at the Council of Trent, and the reasons he there offered against the celibacy of the Popish clergy, were very extraordinary ; and

Queen Mary of England must have had good reasons for suppressing the account, which King Henry the Eighth ordered to be published, relating to the state of the monasteries in England, as it appeared to those noblemen and gentlemen, whom he commissioned to visit for that purpose. But we may judge of the vices of the monasteries in the best manner from such canons, now extant, as prohibit absolutions à crimine commissio contra naturam, vel cum brutis, vel cum consanguineis, vel affinibus, aut filia spirituali, intra aut extra septa monasterii. This account of matters is too indelicate to admit of a translation. See Bayle's Lives, Artic. Bank.

Page 213.—The supple knee of adoration bend,

The Popes admitted of their being addressed by the name of God. In an oration made in the name of the Lateran Council to Pope Julius the Second, this blasphemous expression was allowed to pass, Tu denique alter Deus in terris, Thou finally art another God on earth.

Page 214.—Thus far different Pope  
Arose——

The Popes of Rome and Avignon at the same time greatly scandalised the world. This Schism continued one and fifty years, 'till the differences then subsisting were adjusted at the Council of Constance,  
when

when Martin the Fifth was chosen the sole and only Pope.—Besides this grand Schism, there were, according to Onuphrius and Bellarmine, almost thirty more, whereof some lasted ten, and others thirty years, to the great confusion of Christendom; and the unsuccessful Popes were generally poisoned, or died in dungeons. As to Pope Joan, although her story might be looked upon in the light of a joke, yet 'tis certain that there was such a woman, who filled the Papal chair, there being no less than twenty-four writers, who have related this story, and all of them Catholics. Not half so many historians relate the murder of Julius Cæsar in the Roman Senate, and yet none but a madman would disbelieve it. Besides, the use of the porphyry chair, as described by Sabellicus, apply'd from that time at the choice of a new Pope, to prevent such impositions for the future, is a circumstance which favours the authenticity of this history. What we have found said of her is in brief as follows. She was born in England, or, according to others, of English parents, and, running away when young with an Ecclesiastic in man's apparel, she became a student in several famous academies abroad. Upon the death of her paramour, she seated herself at Rome, where she became so famous for her disputations, for she was possessed with great volubility of speech, that, upon the death of the Pope, she was thought the best qualified of all the literati at that time to succeed him. She was the Pope of Rome almost three years, disguised as to her sex; but, going in processional pomp to the Lateran, she was taken in

labour, and, not having such conveniencies as were proper on the occasion, she died as soon as delivered,

Page 215.—If ignorance seated on her rayless throne——

It is acknowledged even by the learned Catholics themselves, and by Baronius in particular, that in the tenth century the grossest ignorance prevailed in the Christian world, and lewd women had sometimes the disposing of the Popedom. When the 6th general Council was to be held at Constantinople in the year 680, Pope Agathon, in his letters to the Emperor Constantine the Third, tells him of the ignorance of his Bishops in the languages and the Holy Scriptures. It is known that a certain Pope prohibited the reading the classics, because they were Heathen authors. However, the monastic order may with reason boast of a Bede and a few others, who, like meteors, appeared during that long night of ignorance; nor must we here forget the commendable practice in the abbies of registering, in an office maintained for that purpose, not only the great events that happened in the state, but the more private ones in their neighbourhood, relating, to families, or to any extraordinary appearances of nature, or to the discovery of antiquities. The loss and destruction of these records, by the rapacious hand of sacrilege, are deservedly lamented by all the



the true lovers of history, of antiquities, and natural philosophy.

Page 216.—And mystery, the wilderness of faith.

That man cannot comprehend the essence of the divine nature, and the designs of God's providence, in many respects, is universally allowed on all hands. These things do not belong to the condition of mortality to comprehend, and therefore they may be properly said to be hidden from, or mysterious to a finite understanding, which cannot comprehend infinity: but to place the inexplicable jargon of the schools, and the coined definitions of Aristotle, which people are pleased to call mystery, to the account of Christianity, and then force people by persecution to assent thereto, is unwarrantable, and productive of infinite mischief.

Page 216.—Up-rear'd the elevated host above  
The head and understanding of the croud :

As to the doctrine of Transubstantiation in its gross literal sense, it is probable it would never have been completely established in the church of Rome, had it not been done as it were by violence, by the Pope's (Innocent the Third) suffering nothing, which he proposed at the Council of the Lateran, to be debated upon and contradicted. Then it was that this doctrine received its final confirmation. It seems to have been originally the dream of the old Popes in their dotage, who yet had authority enough at  
Q 4 that

that time to procure its establishment in the church. It may be supposed, that there is not a classical scholar in the papal communion, who can interpret a figurative expression in a Latin poet, that believes Transubstantiation, as taught in the church. As the profession of this monstrous doctrine affords a comfortable subsistence to many learned men, we may account for their bearing with it so many ages: however, they are to be pitied, especially such of them as have a due sense of the rights of Christianity and of human nature.

Page 221.—Then interdicts with open'd mouth  
were bid,  
O strange infatuation, o'er the earth  
To sound their terrors —

Pope Leo the Xth was of opinion in his latter days, that his striving so much against Luther and his party, with his interdicts and the like, rather promoted than weakened the Reformation; and that, if he had been silent in that affair, it would have come to nothing. See the Council of Trent.

Page 225.—Galacius liv'd.

The story of Galacius, as here related, although feigned in many circumstances, has yet some foundation in truth, there having been a nobleman of that name abroad, who was a great sufferer at the Reformation. The learned reader may easily perceive that the author here had an eye to a tale literally true,

as

as it is related by Dante, concerning Ugolino, a Florentine Count, who with his children was imprisoned and starved to death by the Archbishop Ruggieri. See Wharton's excellent criticism on it in his essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope.

Page 228.—By wholesale death was dealt  
In direful massacres——

The massacre's of Paris was of so shocking a nature, that Queen Elisabeth and her Court went into deep mourning on that account, to the great mortification of the French Ambassador, then residing in England. The massacres of Paris, Ireland, Thorn, as those of the Waldenses and the like, must give an impartial reader as bad an idea of the Catholic religion, as he can entertain of that of the Heathens in their Saturnalia, where human beings were sacrificed.

Page 233.—A law abus'd  
Speaks not its want of use.

Notwithstanding the abuses of Christianity, there are the most irrefragable proofs of its divine original. Its moral precepts and sublime doctrines reason highly approves of, when unprejudiced ; and faith adores ; and the wonderful accomplishment of predictions, not only in the days of old, but at this present time, as it respects the state of the wandering Jews, is a proof that the Christian religion has God for its author. It is true that the Christian religion has been  
abused,

abused, but what has not been abused? As in the natural, so in the moral world, there are and ever will be some irregularities, which, indeed, if they did not subsist this world would be something more than the habitation of such a creature as man, and man would be of an higher order of being than the Deity intended him. The Almighty knows what is best, in whose wisdom we should rest contented.

Page 235.—Come, charity, thou brightest in the train.

The author congratulates his countrymen that we live in an age and kingdom, in which persecution has not the least footing; and the principles of religious liberty are so well understood, and abetted by such as are at the head of affairs both in church and state. The most healing methods have been apply'd by our dignify'd clergy to allay those feverish heats which are so apt to afflict the religious body. Future generations will undoubtedly admire these times, and call them blessed; and the good-natured and peaceable adore them, as they of every denomination have ever lamented the times of persecution, and the great corruptions of the Christian faith.

T H E



# THE SIXTH BOOK.

On Civil Government, and the Glory of the  
English Nation.

## The ARGUMENT.

The retreat of Penserofo in a windy day to the sheltering purlieu of a forest: his reflections upon government: its use and necessity asserted: The idea of people's living in a state of nature, without the discipline of law, shewn to be chimerical; Different kinds of government: That of England, being of the mixed kind, recommended. On the abuses and disorders of government from the frailties and illegal practices of Rulers. A view of a kingdom ruined thereby: On the mischiefs of ambition, faction, luxury, and avarice in a state; A tale relative thereto. On a want of religion, the evil thereof. A view of the Roman Empire in its rise, greatness, and declension. Virtue and liberty recommended. A panegyric upon Great Britain with a view to the present times of military glory.—Note, this part of the Poem was composed in the beginning of the year 1760.

BOOK

## B O O K the S I X T H.

**T**IS now a blust'rous day; tumultuous rolls  
 The atmosphere around; the ruffian blasts  
 From Heav'n's high hall discharg'd, where late  
     they lay  
 Confin'd indignant, now through fields of air  
 Rush furious forth in such excursions rude,  
 As shake the growling forest; 'till each walk  
 With wither'd leaves is strown. The mountains heave,  
 And dismal sigh the hollow rock-hewn caves,  
 As if a troubled spirit of the air,  
 Inchantment drear, was thence to distant lands  
 Loud on a tempest borne. The ocean lifts  
 Its waves, and scarce the foreland's tow'ring height,  
 Though firmly ribb'd with everlasting rocks,  
 The dashing surge endures; and eagle fowls,  
 Sea-grazers, seek the cliffs, where, scoop'd, is form'd  
 Their solitary haunt; where, seated now,  
 They deem themselves secure, and hear, unmov'd,  
 The tumult of the working seas below.  
 Lo! other birds, for shelter, to the woods  
 Fly, screaming, whilst the ever-lonely owl

Wails

Wails in her ivy-house ; the cattle reach  
 The neighbouring sylvan fence, or shelt'ring stall,  
 Lodg'd safe beneath the storm ; and swains in cots  
 Securely rest ; but, at the flapping doors,  
 The rural damsels start, and hear, in winds,  
 Through whistling crévices, or think they hear,  
 The approach of ghosts unlaid. Their flying down,  
 The thistles shed around, and bladed grass  
 Sings in the wind swift-flitting o'er the lea.  
 Sad lour the Heav'ns ; for, o'er their face, is hung  
 Many a cloud's dark mantle ; but, as yet,  
 No rain is wept, and tepid is the air,  
 Whilst distant roar the hollow-sounding winds.  
 'Twas then the Sage, well-hooded for the storm,  
 A lone excursion made ; and, on a hill,  
 He sought the purlieu of a woody chace,  
 Indented into many a winding nook,  
 Delicious solitude, where thin-dispers'd  
 Stood many a stooping tree, which, hoar with age,  
 Nobly antique appear'd. Beneath a hut  
 With ivy roof'd, and pav'd with warming moss,  
 Whilom the haunt, I ween, of shepherd swains,  
 He took his stand deep-musing. Harmless sung

The

The pleasing winds around, and finely touch'd  
 The tuneful movements of his mind harmonious ;  
 Securely station'd thus the Sage began.

Private and blameless thus I pass my days  
 Unknowing and unknown, the bustling world  
 And envious jar of men my high contempt.  
 Such joy by Kings and Heroes of renown  
 In ancient times was fought, who wise resign'd  
 The pomp of state, to view the works of God  
 In pomp excelling ; who the plough resum'd  
 Who erst the sceptre sway'd ; and glaring Courts  
 Exchang'd for gloomy woods, to sacred peace  
 And meditation due ; or thankless man  
 They shunn'd to win the grace of Heav'n, who weighs  
 The pure intent of human hearts exact.

But here our song is not that civil rule  
 Should ne'er be seen on earth. Man uncontroul'd  
 By human law becomes as much a brute  
 As is the bear, his fellow meet, on earth  
 The terror as the Lord. Not so the Bards,  
 Of old, and Sophists taught the ancient world ;

But



But erring was their song, who vainly spoke  
 In praise of nature's state, a state unsooth'd  
 By the kind soft civilities of life.

A state of nature is a state of war ;  
 'Tis then man haunts down man, his noblest prey ;  
 And common murder is a common sport ;  
 Unaw'd th' adult'rer treads forbidden paths,  
 And shades are scenes of endless broil, where each  
 Unkennels each ; no place of safe retreat,  
 No certain dwelling portion'd out to man.

A state of nature is an idle state :  
 Hence swarms the earth with vagrants, roaming fiends,  
 Still roaring, and still seeking to devour.  
 The cave which opes at yonder mountain's foot,  
 Screen'd from the wint'ry winds by shelt'ring browse ;  
 Yon arboret to chearing suns expos'd ;  
 And yonder copse with darksome boughs perplex'd,  
 Where scarce the sylvan maze the feet can find ;  
 With blood how had they overflown, and blush'd  
 With foul adult'rous guilt, had they by men  
 Ungovern'd been possess'd ? A land of Cains  
 Would then be ev'ry land, and in each shade  
 Would righteous Abels bleed. Good government

To

To all the moral world is as its health,  
 And order is its glory. Men perceive  
 Their wants, unite, and then are nobly blest'd,  
 Rul'd by their lawful chiefs; and, from the tale  
 Of ancient times, 'tis plain, men never liv'd  
 By law undisciplin'd. No people yet  
 But saw the ensigns of imperial state  
 Pompous on chiefs display'd; and why should men  
 Thus universally approve of rule,  
 If 'twas not found to heighten human bliss?  
 'Tis sung, when men are link'd in civil state,  
 Th' increase of arts is man's increase of wants;  
 But better 'tis to bear a fancy'd want,  
 Than murder, rape, and ev'ry real ill  
 In nature's state accurs'd. If chain'd by law  
 Men oft' break loose, and savage-like infest  
 The walks of life, what sorrows should we feel,  
 If hung from Heaven this chain ne'er bound on earth?

'Tis then confess'd that government must still  
 The gen'ral weal effect; but men dispute  
 What government is best, democratic,  
 Mixt, aristocratic, or absolute.

But

But rightly sings the sweet-tongu'd moral Bard;  
 The best administer'd must be the best.  
 All government tends to the absolute :  
 All constitutions have their innate seeds  
 Of dire disease, which ripen, as with years,  
 So into ev'ry mischief. Fond of pow'r  
 The great can hardly brook the sound controul,  
 Whilst wealth and stings of pride for ever prompt  
 The arbitrary sigh : the judgment errs,  
 When dazzled with the glitt'ring pomp of state,  
 And love of pleasure prompts to love of sway,  
 That rapine might support the squand'ring hand,

But various are the forms of government,  
 As men from men are various. Diff'rent sites,  
 A diff'rent air, and humours oft' affect  
 A diff'rent civil rule. Thus oft' the dull  
 And full of phlegm are fond through tedious roads  
 To drag the commonwealth's slow-moving wain.  
 Slow is its pace indeed, but ever sure  
 Are all its steps well-weigh'd : less is its aim  
 At glory more sublime, and, if it aims,  
 Frighted the glory flies so long in mark,

No kind occasion from the hand of fate  
 Snatch'd for the gen'ral good, and measures thus  
 Embarrass'd by delay in vapour fly,  
 And mock the patriot wish. A tyrant rule  
 Is aristocracy in fewer hands,  
 Each still assisting each to heap on states  
 Their complex sorrows; whilst each blessing flows  
 From rule when absolute, or ev'ry curse  
 As wise or foolish is the ruling Prince:  
 For, where the pow'r is greatest, there is found  
 The greatest good or ill; but well-mixed rule  
 As thine, Britannia, is the world's desire.  
 Each comfort flows from such a golden mean:  
 There bound from evil is the Sov'reign's hand,  
 But free'd to do the good; there fix'd as fate  
 Are human laws, and piously inforc'd.  
 In such a happy constituted state  
 The Commons are a common good, who best  
 The people know, and how their gen'ral wants  
 Are best supply'd; but, lest some ill should flow  
 From the high mettle of the daring few,  
 Their acts are temper'd by the higher pow'rs:  
 Thus is provision made against excess,

And



And man, as man, oft' needs the due restraint.  
 Mix'd monarchy nor too much damps the flame  
 Of patriot zeal, nor are its needed forms  
 Conducted slow, as in the pack-horse steps  
 Of tedious commonwealths: it nobly curbs  
 Ambition fretting, for the greatest states  
 With too much glory may be overpow'r'd,  
 And in the end their greatest Heroes prove  
 Their greatest mischief; for all states exhaust  
 Are states consumptive. Glorious is defence,  
 But, when a people unprovok'd are fond  
 To join the battle, 'tis to sport with blood,  
 And fame and freedom hazard at a game.  
 Rome fell, as Cæsar on his conquests rose.

O Britain, thine's the best, the temper'd sway;  
 And liberty is thine, not elsewhere known  
 In all the govern'd world: their noble sense  
 Of nature's rights thy guardian Commons bold  
 For ever thunder out: thy Prince and Peers  
 Re-echo back the sound: for this thy chiefs  
 Have often bled, and countless treasures spent.  
 Hence 'tis thy commerce swift through rattling looms

For ever flies, and rides from port to port :  
 Hence o'er the navy'd sea thy thunder rolls  
 The terror of the world. This sooths thy Heav'ns,  
 Else vex'd too much with storm ; this gilds thy clouds  
 With better sun-shine, and thy fields adorns  
 With a fair paradise of blooms and fruits :  
 Thus one fair garden thrive Britannia's vales,  
 Buxom, where plenty revels. These are thine,  
 Britannia, freedom, glory, wealth, and joy.

But civil rule, whatever be its form,  
 Frequent must fail to beam on human kind  
 Its needed influence, and its look malign  
 Frequent portends disasters to the world.  
 Child of the dust, frail man was born to err,  
 And passion oft' corrupts the purest heart :  
 Hence howls this world, a scene of savage war,  
 And man is doom'd to pass the wilds of life.  
 Princes, though God's anointed, sometimes prove  
 That princely wisdom has its languid ray,  
 And royal bosoms many a vice inshrine.  
 Danger attends, where stands the King expos'd  
 To all th' artill'ry of the flatt'rer's speech.  
 Rais'd to the giddy heights of state, he finds

His

His mental pow'rs distress'd, and, plac'd so far  
 Beyond the people's walk, he ill can hear  
 The distant-sounding murmur of complaint  
 From subjects griev'd. Hence, without due controul,  
 Pompous he bounds high o'er the needed fence  
 Of natural right, and tramples on the law;  
 'Till sad oppress'd the people groan their woe,  
 Or swift to arms, the refuge of despair,  
 Indignant fly, and sport with blood and death.

Though still 'tis hard for Kings, when by the dust  
 Of flattery blinded, to perceive the truth;  
 Some means may yet be try'd, by which to see  
 What evils vex the state. The royal ear  
 Should still be open to the people's cry;  
 The press allow'd should tell without disguise,  
 What sad complaints are murmur'd through the  
 land.

Led by this safe director Kings may step,  
 Where honour lights her blazing torch, and where  
 No danger threatens with his poniard drawn.

When Monarchs by the brunt of open force  
 Have fail'd at lawless sway, by mining arts

They sap the groundwork of the people's rights,  
 Slav'ry is taught by principle, and he  
 Is most a slave, who is a slave by rule.  
 Thus non-resistance, and his brother meek  
 Passive-obedience, by the Court proclaim'd,  
 Are nois'd through all the land; Scripture and Paul  
 Press'd to abet the slav'ry of the state,  
 Hard ply'd at service, which they never yet  
 Could duly understand; as if a King  
 A right divine should claim, to bend the neck  
 Of human cattle to his servile yoke;  
 And non-resistance, like a booby, bear  
 The royal scourge, dealt on his brawny hide,  
 And lick the lifted hand which gives the blow;  
 As if to none but God a King should be  
 Accountable hereafter, God knows when;  
 And subjects stout, when ill at ease, should bleed,  
 Although unheard, 'till half the injur'd land  
 With royal murder groans, and party dies,  
 But nature oft' with principle has fought,  
 And the rous'd people overturn'd the pow'r  
 Imaginary, which they rais'd before.



Heav'n to the Monarch gives the sword of pow'r,  
Not to destroy the people, but defend.

As, in the world of nature, oft' the storm  
Fierce-raving comes abroad, and shakes the land;  
As oft' the earthquake overturns the pride  
Of pompous cities, or the raging flood  
O'erflows a length of country to fulfil  
The high behests of Heav'n; so in this state  
Convulsions oft' are felt, and in the minds  
Of people many a horrid tempest brew'd.

What evils flow from princely sway abus'd?  
'Tis then the kingdom bleeds in ev'ry vein,  
Brothers oppos'd to different standards fly,  
And fathers with their sons in combat strive,  
The ties of nature broken. Justice fled  
To Heaven ascends, for violence fills the earth  
And shakes down ev'ry hold of lawful right  
With levelling fury. Loud in human minds  
Eruptive burst the passions, flaming high,  
And pouring torrent-mischief through the land:  
Confusion rolls o'erturn'd about the state,

Frequent in revolutions twirls the crown,  
 And Monarch-making is the nation's trade,  
 No more the times Saturnian bless the earth,  
 Curs'd with an iron reign of bleeding swords,  
 Destroy'd are all the ancient of the land,  
 And by a race succeeded, in the arts  
 Ingenious how to plunder and to kill;  
 Whilst hills and vallies echo with the shout  
 Of hosts, or with the cries of sore distress.  
 Torn from her ancient cot, now sunk in flames,  
 Her infant in her arms, the mother hies  
 Alarm'd for safety to the neighb'ring woods,  
 The winds bleak-whistling o'er her head, bereft  
 Of sustenance and hope; there cold on ground  
 She sinks, she weeps, and dies; whilst sad around  
 The pious brutes a dumb compassion shew;  
 When now the suckling weeps himself to death  
 Expos'd, without a friend to close his eyes.

Dumb is the rural sound of past'ral pipes,  
 For now they're all destroy'd; the shepherd swains  
 Shelter'd on craggy rocks reside and starve,  
 Their flocks dispers'd; no more the thymy downs

Re-

Receive them, nor the songs of swains delight :  
 For now no strains but those of woe are heard,  
 And dismal is the yell of nightly ghosts  
 On dreary hills for vengeance due to foes.  
 The ravish'd virgin shrieks, but shrieks in vain ;  
 Whilst o'er the land gigantic murder stalks  
 With locks blood-clotted, and with clashing arms,  
 Horrific in his gait. The tow'ring pride  
 Of palace-domes and lowly cots are doom'd  
 To the same fate, high-blazing into flames  
 Amidst the mighty mad of shouting crouds  
 On mischief eager : thus what bloody swords  
 Could not destroy, the ruddy flames devour.  
 A frightful desert howls the quitted land,  
 And towns and villas thus destroy'd are known  
 But by the rubbish heaps and yellow grass.  
 Hence desolation, clad in fable weeds,  
 And clung to monuments and new-made graves,  
 Counts all her woes and mourns her wretched state,  
 There sits all night and day, there sits and weeps.

Thus, if small things with greater are compar'd,  
 Such desolations erst in yonder wood

Were

Were felt, when, raving through its bleak abodes,  
 An equinoctial tempest overturn'd  
 Its stately growth of monarch oaks, and all  
 The sylvan commonalty rang'd beneath.  
 Loud-crashing fell the trees, the distant hills  
 And vallies echo'd with the sylvan groans ;  
 Ruins on ruins should'ring lay confus'd ;  
 Hurl'd from his knotty throne each standard oak,  
 Their solitary kingdom at an end.

As princely rule abus'd the world involves  
 In countless mischiefs, so the people's sins  
 Spread equal desolations through the land.  
 Among the human race, so Heav'n ordains,  
 With more elastic parts are some adorn'd,  
 And who, instinct with spirit, soar above  
 The foggy regions of recumbent souls :  
 These nature marks for rule, well form'd to shine  
 In the state's highest sphere ; but oft' the fire  
 Ambitious kindles in th' ethereal mind,  
 Ambition is a thunder-clap to states  
 With lightning wing'd, and false and dang'rous glory,  
 Which prostrates on the ground with horrid crush  
 Their



Their proudest tow'rs, and blasts the shiver'd strength  
 Of spreading greatness. Statesmen would be Kings,  
 As Kings would Angels rise, and Angels Gods.  
 Happy if falls their Luciferian pride,  
 Or else the state must fall, if at the helm  
 The princely wisdom ill is form'd to steer.  
 Would Monarchs check the ills which else would flow  
 From proud ambition tow'ring in the great?  
 Their better wisdom let them ply to heal  
 The state-diseases, and the people bless  
 With all their natural rights: the people gain'd,  
 Then vain are all the efforts of the proud  
 To low'r the pompous sail of Kingly pow'r.  
 The people with Atlean strength support  
 The burden of the state; or, like a tide,  
 O'erwhelm the opposition Kings may fear.

The Monarch's station is the proper source  
 Of honour, wealth, and place; but 'tis not his  
 To bid his favours stream on all alike.  
 Unhappy Kings, what can content the views  
 Of avarice and of pride? How many wish  
 What but a few can well obtain from Kings?

Hence

Hence faction, by his disappointments known,  
 Up-starts a fury with his snaky hair,  
 And wide his poison scatters. From the loins  
 Of pale-hu'd envy sprung this hideous shape,  
 And av'rice was his sire. Fain would he claim  
 With freedom kindred, and assume her badge,  
 But sternly is disown'd th' ill-founded claim.  
 Heavy upon the wheels of lawless sway  
 Faction may hang : such is his use, but still  
 His aim is boundless rule : thus oft' may flow  
 An honest action from dishonest views.  
 But faction is an evil when he throws  
 His firebrands through the state, when up he stirs  
 The strife of tongues, and, by the throne unaw'd,  
 He pulls down merit from her rightful seat.  
 Blasted by factious breath the wisest plans  
 Of rule have fail'd to ripen. Carthage, Greece,  
 And other realms in ancient story fam'd,  
 Have sunk, and faction rudely urg'd their fall.

In the young blushing infancy of states,  
 Frugal the people live, and industry,  
 Fearful of want, hard-plies his brawny arm

And

And struggles into wealth ; but wealth when warm  
 Soon hatches into lux'ry, vice, and ease,  
 A pois'nous brood. Unhappy man, ill form'd  
 To bear a prosp'rous or an adverse state.  
 Mad lux'ry quick to desperate fortunes leads,  
 And 'tis through desp'rate fortunes that the world  
 Despairs of rest and joy. 'Tis then that states  
 Are offer'd at a sale, and needy Peers  
 Are strong-dispos'd to seek the baleful haunts  
 Of dark conspiracy, or draw the sword  
 Of rebel violence : hence in ruins sinks  
 The hapless state ; a land of Catalines  
 And self-destroy'd. Thus still 'twas found that men,  
 As in a circle, from a mean estate  
 First roll to wealth, to lux'ry next, and then  
 To penury and ruin, where they lie.

As human bodies, so the human mind  
 Feels its diseases. Thus the harlot love  
 Of wealth with hot distemper taints the heart ;  
 Or 'tis the mode the first in wealth to shine,  
 And man was still the tool of faction ply'd ;  
 Still drudging in the sinks of sordid gain.

Say

Say what is av'rice? 'tis a motley shape;  
 A thread bare vestment, and a wig uncomb'd;  
 A lean ill-favour'd beast, cruel as death,  
 And hungry as the grave; hurtful to states  
 As the destructive breath of mildew winds  
 Is to the blushing growth of vernal flow'rs.  
 When avarice plies his talon'd gripe, the state  
 Is one great mart, and one are court and 'change,  
 Where grants, commissions, and monopolies,  
 Like stationary ware, are pack'd and sold,  
 And mean are place and honour set at sale.  
 Heav'n, if believ'd, would in a land of sales  
 With ease be sold. Hence on his wooden leg  
 Merit strays o'er the world and begs his bread,  
 The butt of proud insult. Hence wisdom lies  
 In job-inventing work, and half the realm  
 Oft' with the woe of dire impeachments grieves;  
 For wealth is dang'rous, which must serve to clear  
 Imputed treason, or to purchase life  
 Indanger'd by the fiction of a plot.  
 'Tis in such times, that ominous croaks the law  
 In terror to the land; that right is forc'd  
 With tears to yield her claim, and wardens act  
 Their



Their part unfaithful. Hence the injur'd heir  
 Or servile tills his own estate, or begs  
 At his own mansion scorn'd, his mansion long  
 Held by his fires, which now he views and sighs,  
 For now 'tis his no more; hence orphan moans  
 Unheeded found in ev'ry street, and hence  
 The mourning widow ill procures her mite.

Aurino once an ancient city stood,  
 An independent state, and long renown'd  
 For all her pomp of commerce, wealth and arts.  
 She stood but fell at last; and by a flood  
 Of base corruption whelm'd. The dreadful cries  
 Of th' injur'd loud to Heav'n were sent, and Heav'n  
 In pity heard their plaint; but 'ere she fell,  
 Her doom was told by many an ominous sign;  
 For o'er the land unusual sounds are heard.  
 The church-yard ghosts with quaking fear alarm  
 The midnight passenger, and many a groan  
 Sounds hollow from the tombs. The village curs  
 The night disturb; whilst ravens all the day  
 On aged tow'rs, or in their flight at eve,  
 Loud-croak impending woe. Bright meteors glare  
 And,

And, headlong from the crown of Heav'n, the stars  
 Fall with an awful sweep. Ethereal steeds  
 Rush battling through the Heav'ns, whilst high ad-  
 vanced

In equal glory shine two rival suns  
 Mutt'ring dark thunder rolls. A show'r of blood  
 Weeps from the skies distill'd, and fate is told  
 In many a sighing breeze, whilst groves are stirr'd  
 With scarce a wind, and rivers cease to flow.  
 All nature sends an universal groan,  
 As if destruction labour'd into birth.  
 The fatal hour is come: the city mark'd  
 For quick destruction totters to her fall.  
 So will the skies; a foreign foe is sent  
 Heav'ns minister of wrath; the city plies  
 Her wonted game, and fain would bribe the foe,  
 But brib'ry is refus'd: nought but her all  
 Can still the loud demands of pressing foes.  
 Unskill'd in arms, and fearful of a scar,  
 On the smooth level of the polish'd face  
 Guiltless of soil, the Peers and Commons hire  
 A foreign force to shield the state at home;  
 A bloodless rout without heroic rage,

And

And meek as hooded Monks, for nought their loss,  
 If basely conquer'd ; hence by nothing urg'd  
 To gallant action, soon their valour sinks,  
 Small was their force, and scanty were the means  
 Of self-defence ; for chiefs illib'ral rul'd,  
 And vain were horse and man for safety deem'd ;  
 While proud processions throng in every street,  
 With all the rev'rend show of hosts and beads,  
 Sprinklings and crossings ; dead Saints are invok'd,  
 But living ones despis'd and out of place.  
 Within the traitors swarm, while foes without  
 Press boldly on the mercenary crew,  
 Who view, who fear and run, reverting what  
 The Roman worth atchiev'd. Hence unoppos'd  
 Foes storm the city, plunder and destroy,  
 Murder and ravish : with their booty crown'd  
 They melt in riot, for a plenty there  
 Fill'd their all-grasping hands. Now sad-inflav'd  
 Th'ill-fated Peers, the refuse of the sword,  
 Quit sacred home, estates, and treasur'd wealth,  
 By other Lords succeeded, other laws,  
 And other rule. With equal woes are plagu'd  
 The traitors too, for never yet was trust

S

In

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In traitors twice repos'd. Or captives torn  
 From the last glance of dear forsaken home  
 The people pour their moan, or, by the edge  
 Of cruel murder spoil'd, are now no more:  
 Thus fell Aurino from her ancient state  
 In ruin bury'd, as in luxury first.  
 As when an aged tower with ivy clad  
 And haunted by the baleful birds obscene,  
 By long neglect and by consuming rain,  
 Feels the materials of its frame decay;  
 First threat'ning o'er its doubtful base it hangs,  
 Then crushing falls at last in thunder down,  
 And all its pride is levell'd to the dust.

Religion scorn'd has sapp'd the proudest state,  
 Though first upon the rock of solid worth  
 'Twas firmly built; but ev'ry state's defence  
 Is the true faith in practice. They who bend  
 The knee to Heav'n will rise to joy on earth;  
 Where God is fear'd, there well obey'd is man;  
 For human laws, 'tis known, can only bind  
 Where conscience bound before, and peace on earth.  
 Can only see her olives fairly bloom

-When



Where peace with Heav'n is fought ; but annals tell,  
 How oft' in many a state religion fail'd  
 To awe the world, and then the state declin'd.  
 The Romans Heav'n ador'd, and gain'd the earth ;  
 Then scorn'd at last their Gods and lost the world.  
 'Tis by the horrid arts of knaves that faith  
 Is doom'd to bleed, and who betrays his God  
 Will soon betray his country : most unfit  
 Is he to govern man, who, to the throne  
 Of God rebellious, breaks the moral tye ;  
 Ere states behold their pomp of glory fall,  
 And ancient houses sink into the dust,  
 First ruin'd is the mind with creeds like these,  
 That or no God exists, or he forbears  
 To scourge the impious ; that a future state  
 Is but the matron's dream, and human souls  
 Annihilated die ; that atoms thrown  
 By lucky chance fell into form complete  
 Of high design and rose into a world ;  
 That right and wrong are what the state appoints  
 From arbitrary will ; and Christian truth  
 Midst ages dark and Gothic ignorance sprung.

With tenets such as these all states decline ;  
 For thus unaw'd by Heav'n man plies on earth  
 What his bad heart approves : his mad excess  
 Check'd by no sound controul, and in the road  
 Of vice let loose, he runs unbridled where  
 His wanton will directs, 'till from the seat  
 Of rule are Monarchs thrown, and all the robes  
 Of justice torn and trampled ; or the state  
 He plunders of its wealth, or in the lap  
 Of pleasure dallies, or with madness drives  
 The car of pow'r ill-pois'd o'er dangerous heights.  
 With such vile tenets fell the strength of Greece  
 By Epicurus' Titans over-run.  
 Rome likewise fell as Epicurus rose  
 The admiration of her impious youth :  
 Wiser her sires would fain the ill repel,  
 But vain the wise attempt ; his tenets spread  
 And Roman merit fell. A future state  
 Thus ridicul'd, good morals lost their ground,  
 And Roman valour sunk ; the barb'rous north  
 O'er-ran this land of ease and unbelief,  
 An all-destructive cloud, which ever bursts  
 With horrid shock on all corrupted states.

O Rome,

O Rome, let me a while thy greatness scan,  
 Thy public spirit catch and fear of Heav'n,  
 And o'er thy base corruptions and decay  
 A gentle tear distill. Sturdy thy sons  
 In Romulus arose; thy state as yet  
 But in its infancy, a shepherd crew  
 Hous'd but in sheds; yet there the art of war  
 Was wisely taught, and future greatness plann'd.  
 Numa in shady groves high converse held  
 With sacred pow'rs. By him the youth were taught  
 To court the smiles of Heav'n, who still incamps  
 Where his defence is fought. Without the care  
 Of thy good Numas, in its early youth  
 Thy state had perish'd, nor so full of years  
 And honours risen; for thy greatness blaz'd  
 In its full glory, when the Gods were fought,  
 And vows were made to Heav'n. Thy found, O

Rome,

Has reach'd the earth's extent, and other worlds,  
 If found, shall hear, exulting in thy worth,  
 Thy fame recorded. O could they but catch  
 Thy public spirit, as they found thy fame!

From Britain far-disjoin'd from all the world  
 To Parthia's bounds thy gather'd trophies hung  
 In endless pomp. Thy triumphs and thy crowns,  
 Columns and arches, monuments and arts,  
 To Heav'n aspiring, lift thy fame as high,  
 And point thee out the wonder of the world,  
 As if thy noble acts by Gods on earth  
 Had been achiev'd. 'Twas thine, as if by Heav'n  
 Ordain'd the guardian genius of the earth,  
 The proud to humble, and the meek to raise  
 To dignity rever'd. How great thy pow'r  
 With countless spoils of mighty kingdoms fraught !  
 Most regular in all its vary'd walks  
 Thy discipline ; most strictly were fulfill'd  
 Thy sacred rites, and well thy hallow'd show  
 Of votive tablets speak thy faith in Heav'n.  
 Thy valour how intrepid ! in the storm  
 Of war well-pleas'd ; amidst the blazing swords,  
 Helmets, and shields, the lightning of the field,  
 Supremely happy ; nor the washing rains,  
 Nor heats solstitial, nor opposing floods,  
 Or the black thunder o'er the mountain's brow

Thy



Thy sons deterr'd, when roaming through the world  
 They rescu'd freedom from tyrannic chains.

All-rigid where the planted battle rose,  
 Singly they push'd, or the wide-op'ning gulf  
 Receiv'd them boldly racing into death  
 With desp'rate fury; or they stood unmov'd  
 While punish'd members burn, and mock'd at pain;  
 For, such was then their cherish'd love of fame,  
 It rais'd them into more than mortal men.

Toil strung their nerves, nor yet were melted down  
 With ease effeminate their manly souls;  
 And, when the sword was sheath'd, the useful plough  
 Rome's great Dictator's held, the stubborn glebe  
 And haughty foes by the same hand subdu'd.

Thus built on virtue Rome imperial rose  
 The mistress of the world, but greatness here  
 Has still its bounds on which it dares not pass.  
 Her sons, who once subdu'd the world, at last  
 By lux'ry were subdu'd themselves; enrich'd  
 With spoils of nations were with spoils undone.  
 Inamour'd with the glitter of the world,

They gather'd ruin where they gather'd fame,  
 And in the end effeminate they grew,  
 As the soft foes they quell'd. Now on the couch  
 Of ease rough industry dissolving lies :  
 And fragrant at the ball, wrapp'd in a vest  
 Of Tyrian dye, the vet'ran trips a beau,  
 Or pants in grots, ill-fitted to sustain  
 The fires of Sirius, and unquench'd remains  
 His craving thirst, unless emboss'd with gold  
 The costly goblet shines. The corselet, helm,  
 Greave, sword, and spear, in unfrequented halls,  
 Idle for ever hang; whilst odorous fumes  
 Villas, and tepid baths their care employ.  
 Gold is the only God thy sons adore,  
 The solid prop of lux'ry, vice, and ease:  
 For this they sell their rights. Thus chain'd in gold  
 Reproachful are the Lords of all the earth.  
 Hence at a sale the state was sold, the throne  
 Imperial purchas'd by a miser's wealth.  
 O Didius, Rome's proud glory, and her shame,  
 Thy iron talons now the sceptre gripe,  
 Wont erst to tear the needy. Thus disgrac'd  
Cowers

Cowers the Roman eagle, proud no more  
With noble vict'ry soaring to the sky.

But now destruction blackens in the north.  
The Goths and Vandals harden'd as their skies,  
And by luxurious ease yet unsubdu'd,  
Pour forth a tempest, and tear up at root  
The Roman Empire, which so long had stood  
The shocks of time and rage. The tender growth  
Of Roman ease now withers in the blast  
Its blossoms soon decay'd. The villas, grots,  
And tepid baths destroy'd, the barb'rous tribes  
Grin their contempt, and fill their hands with spoil,  
The Roman gold transferr'd, a pleasing bait,  
For which the kingdom-hunting Goths forsook  
The howling terrors of the stormy north,  
And hoary mountains of eternal snow,  
Now basking in the warmth of meeker Heav'ns.

O Rome, how art thou chang'd! Let me a while  
Weep o'er thy ashes and thy ruins trace,  
My harp on willows hung. Now in the dust,  
In fall'n magnificence, thy honour lies;

And

And thy proud columns ill-erect their head,  
 As if asham'd to view thy ruins near,  
 And woeful desolation. Sad is now  
 Thy once renown'd display of theatres  
 And portico's with the disgustful crawl  
 Of loathsome vermin fill'd, where erst were seen,  
 Polish'd with manners, thy Patrician youth  
 Holding their princely state. Instead of chiefs  
 Statues are now thy boast, and only proud  
 Art thou to paint the deeds thy Sires atchiev'd.  
 Now eunuchs squeak, where once the trumpet's sound  
 To martial deeds heroic ardor breath'd,  
 And Monks instead of Monarchs rule thy state.  
 Thy navies, once which rode with threat'ning beak  
 Pompous, to hurl thy rage on Afric's coast,  
 Are now no more. Few are thy gallies, mann'd  
 With eunuch tars, who scarce can give affright  
 To Friars or to Nuns; painted for show,  
 And form'd alone to bear a simple choir  
 Of singers, quav'ring all the ev'ning hour  
 To lull with serenade the Tiber's banks,  
 And aid the visions of ecstatic Nuns.  
 Lo, Italy, which once with natives swarm'd,

Depopu-



Depopulated now laments her fate,  
 Her loss of industry ; and rarely heard  
 Are now her flocks to bleat ; her hills and vales  
 With operas echo, not with pastoral song ;  
 Thus at her death expiring freedom sings.  
 Her noble riv'lets loiter into fens  
 Undrain'd by ill-paid swains, who in a land  
 Else fruitful ever starve, a land not ply'd  
 By merry labour : hence its stench annoys,  
 Where flow'rs around should Heavenly incense  
 breathe.

O fall'n, how fall'n, O fatal sad effects  
 Of ease effeminate, and Monkish sway,  
 Venality, and public spirit lost !  
 Corruption was thy bane, and such shall be  
 The fate of every realm, where virtue fails :  
 The death of virtue is the death of states.

Not such, Britannia, is thy fate, thou Queen  
 Of isles ; as distant far from all the world,  
 So far from slav'ry plac'd ; another Rome,  
 The glory of the world ; emerging proud  
 From time's vast depths, with civil arts adorn'd,

With

With splendor beaming, and with naval strength  
 Protected well, the naval strength of Rome :  
 Rome in her glory, what compar'd with thine ?  
 Sea-puppets were her little barks, compar'd  
 With thy proud oaks with proud defiance arm'd ;  
 Which oft' have terrify'd with uproar loud  
 The trembling world. Less loud the stormy sea  
 Work'd into rage and foam, and dreadful less  
 The element above with thunder rock'd,  
 Than thy dread-floating castles, scatt'ring round  
 Terror, and smoke, and death, as if great Jove  
 On rebel Titans hurl'd his flaming bolts.  
 Rough as their brother waves are all thy tars,  
 When high provok'd ; but yet as pity mild,  
 To all the world distress'd ; whose eyes distill  
 The rain of tears, as kindly as the clouds  
 Distill their humid stores, when south-winds blow,  
 Sure proof of martial minds, like Romans bold  
 They give the cheer, then rush into the face  
 Of fiery danger bursting ; nay, in death  
 They mean the loud huzza ; such gallant pride,  
 Such sturdy purpose work in British souls.  
 Thy

Thy naval heroes, sons of mighty fame,  
 Well-pleas'd the Muse recounts. Anson is thine,  
 Who calm and steady rules the pomp of war.  
 Thine is the luring gloom of daring Hawke,  
 More dreadful than the storm in which he fought;  
 And thine the thunder of a Princely Howe  
 With Keppel, bold compeers in martial fame.  
 Hail, dread Boscawen, by thy groaning force  
 Crush'd was the tow'ring pride of faithless Gaul;  
 And, Pocock, either world beheld thy deeds;  
 Scarce could the globe suffice to bound thy fame.  
 A countless tribe, besides, firmly support  
 Thy proud triumphal height of ancient glory;  
 Scarcely in number less than are the waves  
 Which drive upon thy coasts, when Eurys rears  
 The ocean from his bed: to speak their praise  
 And high desert demands an hundred tongues.  
 The sea they conquer, as the sea command,  
 Struggling in vain to overset their tow'rs  
 Floating secure, so dextrous in their art  
 To ply what else would ask an Angel's pow'r.  
 Danger with them is sport, and high renown  
 The track they follow, whilst for Britain's weal  
 Stout is their purpose. Thus are Roman hearts

Trans-

Transplanted here, which point to honour's cause,  
 As points the magnet needle to the north :  
 The transmigration creed we doubt no more,  
 Whilst all our Drakes and Howards live again.

Thy field Commanders too, Britannia, claim  
 The tribute of our song ; thy Princely chief,  
 Culloden's glory, and the state's defence,  
 O may his country ne'er forget his worth !  
 Thy Granbys, Townshends, Amhersts, Murrays,  
 Clives,

From ancient Knights descended, long renown'd  
 For chivalry, thy state defend, and prove  
 Their martial pedigree is true ; but now  
 Their birth of glory is their better birth.  
 Thy Wolfe—here drop a tear, Heav'n will forgive,  
 Thy Wolfe untimely fell, yet ripe in fame.  
 Epaminondas, once in martial strife,  
 Wounded, just liv'd to see the vict'ry won :  
 Thus far'd thy wounded Wolfe ; he saw the foe  
 Give way ; he saw, thank'd Heav'n, then smil'd and  
 dy'd.

He smil'd, but England wept. Far from his home  
 Fell



Fell the brave youth, but distant climates wear  
 No horror to the brave where fame is reap'd,  
 And England's foes infringe her sacred rights.  
 'Tis glorious, in the injur'd state's defence,  
 Thus to be stretch'd in death; thus to be wept  
 By ev'ry eye, and prais'd by ev'ry tongue:  
 Enough for Wolfe, that George his fate deploras.

O George, the best of Kings, Britannia's pride;  
 The foremost in the gall'ry of renown.  
 A juster Prince than George ne'er drew the sword,  
 More pious to his trust, and in the field  
 More prodigal of life; as first in rank,  
 So first in stedfast zeal for England's fame;  
 The father of the state. As Atlas firm  
 His purpose stands: like thunder is his wrath,  
 When by the injurious deeds of foes disturb'd  
 His high resentment from her den is rous'd:  
 And when from Scotia's mountains, like a flood,  
 The rebel clans pour'd o'er Britannia's vales,  
 And threaten'd ruin to his gracious throne;  
 Dilated in his strength George stood unmov'd  
 Defying all the world, firm as a tow'r

The

The strength of ages, or the cliff which braves  
 The sea tempestuous ; but, when foes were quell'd,  
 (What could withstand his arms ?) his pity flow'd  
 Profuse at either eye, and half was sleath'd  
 The sword of justice ; for heroic minds  
 Are slow to punish as to conquer bold.  
 Refreshing hence, as is the morning dew  
 Or summer rain to Libya's fields adust,  
 On foes his pity flow'd. Thus not by blood,  
 But righteous deeds and wisdom is upheld  
 His throne, by wisdom of the firmest kind  
 And mercy, for his heart was form'd to feel,  
 And the right royal is the feeling heart.  
 Rebellious clans, by ignorance long seduc'd,  
 By love were conquer'd, as by force of arms ;  
 Not rooted out, but taught the useful arts  
 And bless'd with nature's rights. Glad now they see  
 The gifts of Ceres laugh on barren hills,  
 And verdure deepen on the broom-clad moor.  
 No more a herd of robbers, but, in trust  
 Of England's sword, they bravely quell her foes.  
 Glorious exchange ! thus broken into men,  
 And render'd happy in their own despite.

Reli-

Religion never fled the gracious rule  
 Of George, transplanting useful arts abroad  
 And useful hands, the politics of fools :  
 But diversely display'd, like nature's works,  
 Dilates the British genius, nought withheld  
 From free inquiry studious. Hence 'tis thine,  
 Britannia, as in valour so in arts,  
 To rise august above the world ; hence springs  
 Love of our country, liberty, and man ;  
 Hence countless tribes industrious croud the land ;  
 Hence all its wealth, its pow'r, and noble pride  
 Of soul exulting, to the foes abroad  
 So dreadful, but so safe to friends at home.

Victor is George : 'Twas his to break the pow'r  
 Of haughty Gauls. Scarce were our rocks and cliffs  
 Oppos'd, and ocean raving on our coast,  
 Sufficient bar against our threat'ning foes :  
 But George, as with his nostril breath, confounds  
 Their pride, which, like a bubble in the main,  
 Enormous rose, but burst at his will.  
 But greater conquests speak thy fame : 'twas thine

T)

To

To quell a monster fearful to behold,  
 Party y'clep'd; his bulk a kingdom's breadth,  
 Quiver'd with stings, and loud his hiss and roar  
 As ocean in a storm; the fire of Hell  
 He breath'd, and wither'd half the beauteous world,  
 Killing the lovely growth of ev'ry joy.  
 To crush this monster Hercules had fail'd,  
 Too great a labour; nor could he who chain'd  
 The Hellespont, nor Philip's warlike son,  
 Nor Cæsar, though of dauntless soul, atchieve  
 A work so noble: this, I ween, is true,  
 They bound the body only, George the heart;  
 A greater conquest, and reserv'd by Heav'n  
 To grace complete these times of gallant fame.  
 Kings conquer best, who conquer by their love,  
 Love undivided, not confin'd to parts.  
 When by their mad ambition Kings are urg'd,  
 Conquest is murder, and renown disgrace.  
 Not so our righteous George; by Heav'n ordain'd  
 He conquers to defend; his laurels bloom,  
 That olives may revive; he draws the sword  
 To bless the world with peace. O nobly grac'd,  
 Great George, with ev'ry princely pow'r, to thee  
 Heav'n gave a crown, and, which is more, a heart;  
 And



And long has all the world unerring said,  
 George, wisdom, conquest, glory, are the same.  
 For thee our youth abroad their valour try  
 Fearless of danger, whilst their fires at home,  
 With willing hand, present their countless sums,  
 And for thy welfare weary Heav'n with pray'r;  
 For Britons, though averse to tyrant rule,  
 Yet ever deify their righteous Kings;  
 And thy good liegemen ill refrain to say,  
 O, could we tell our zeal, content we die.

When th' earthly crown no more thy head adorns  
 For Heav'n's high crown exchange'd, for in the dust  
 Princes themselves must lie; thy name in song  
 Renown'd shall live, thy reign the favourite theme  
 Of future times. Ev'n now, as in the days  
 Of yore, how ready is thy Hero worth  
 To spill from aged veins thy last good blood  
 For England's glory; but thy people's love  
 With a kind violence checks thy noble fire.  
 Could former Princes view these gracious times,  
 They must behold them with a guilty blush;  
 And happy those who live in such a round  
 Of golden days return'd: but hapless he,

Who fain would praise these times as they deserve,  
But in his flight perceives his wing to fail.

Most wise and gracious is the splendid train  
Of Ministers ; for ever was it found  
That wisest Ministers and wisest Kings  
Associate loving, and but by their death  
Are seldom well divorc'd. To please thyself  
'Twas thine, great George, thy subjects first to please,  
Thy people's pleasure and thy own the same.  
How wise thy Pelhams, Hardwicks, and thy Pitts,  
Granvills, and Onflows, hoary in renown!  
Henley and Murray, oracles of law,  
How eloquent, just rivals to the speech  
Of Athens in her pride ! statesmen ador'd  
And patriots, terror of Britannia's foes,  
But the high joy of friends : hence all the wheels  
Of th' English state with steady motion turn.  
O bless their lives, kind Heav'n, as they have long  
With wisest counsel blest'd their native land.  
Hence 'tis, Britannia, that thy arts and wealth  
Astonish earth and Heav'n, and ancient Rome,  
Rivall'd in greatness, less attracts our praise.

O'er

O'er all the earth thy banners fly display'd,  
 Where sits gay Vict'ry plum'd, thus to maintain  
 The civil rights of men ; and still in thee  
 The faith has found defence. To chain the world  
 Old Rome her conquests spread, too fond of blood ;  
 But Britain guiltless deals in right and truth,  
 And adds her tears to all the blood she draws.  
 In thee Cape-Breton owns a better sway,  
 With all her filial train of isles ; Goree,  
 Quebec, and Guadalupe are forc'd to yield,  
 Aw'd by thy cannon's loud-disploded roar.  
 Minden and Lagos, with the Gallic coast,  
 Sound forth thy high renown, whilst Vaillant's stream  
 Murmurs complaint for loss of Gallia's fame,  
 Whose navy only now a stream commands,  
 There shelter'd from thy rage ; so black appears  
 The ocean, where thy terrors brood around,

Thy valour on each side the earthly globe  
 Her matchless conquests spreads, where never flew  
 The Roman eagle. Distant continents,  
 With all their heights of hills, in vain up-rise  
 To check thy martial routs, and seas unknown

Vainly their terrors roll ; for British hearts  
 Undaunted stem the boundless azure round  
 Of mighty waters moving, proudly bent  
 On death or conquest : thus from east to west  
 Forth breaks thy day of glory ; ev'ry sun  
 Thy triumphs gilds, and all the cope of Heav'n  
 Thy praise rebounds, one temple of thy fame,  
 Thou fifty nine, auspicious year, should'st wake  
 The harp of ev'ry bard ; thou fifty-nine,  
 How sweet the sound ? 'Tis music to the ear,  
 Music soft warbling through Britannia's vales  
 And lisp'd by ev'ry babe, but told in France  
 In many a breeze of sighs, with many a tear.

To thee, Britannia, more the arts are known  
 Than erst to ancient Rome, when most renown'd.  
 Thy Newtons loud-reproach the Tuscan schools :  
 Thy Bacons, Boyles, and Lockes, ideal sons  
 Of mental birth, look nature through at once,  
 And teach unfetter'd minds to thread the clue  
 Of science long perplex'd by pedant rules :  
 Thy Milton plucks the palm from Maro's head ;  
 And far the bard of Greece or Rome exceeds,



As his bold Angel's cope in Heav'n exceeds  
 That of the welt'ring frog along the pool,  
 Or the light evolutions of a gnat.  
 Thy Shakespeare without rival rules the heart,  
 And by low art unfetter'd climbs where yet  
 No Roman dar'd to soar : Rome justly claims  
 Her Horace ; England claims her tuneful Pope.  
 Thy language, like thy genius, firmly bold  
 And well-compounded, gathers into strength  
 Resistless in its force. Thy nobles deep  
 In science, as in policies of state,  
 Surpass Patrician Rome. Thy Stanhopes, Baths,  
 Walpoles, and Littletons, or Egmonts, shine  
 High in the orbs of genius, and excel  
 In the fine arts themselves which they protect :  
 Thus great among the nations Britain stands.

## NOTES upon the Sixth BOOK.

Page 258.—But well mix'd rule,  
As thine, Britannia, is the world's desire.

Machiavel and others have observed, that Lycurgus ordered his laws in Sparta in such a manner, that, giving the King, Nobility, and People, their proper share of power, he erected a government which continued more than eight hundred years, to his great honour and to the city's repose. On the other hand, to Solon it happened otherwise, who, erecting a popular government at Athens, was the occasion of its being so short-liv'd, insomuch that, before he died, he saw the tyranny of Pisistratus spring out of it. Thus, there being at Athens no such mixture and temperament of power, as in Sparta, Athens was but of short duration, not continuing an hundred years. Might not this deserve the consideration of those who plead for a commonwealth, in opposition to a mixed monarchy, as that of England?

land? In like manner, the Tribunes of the people, as they were call'd, being chosen at Rome, there was by these means a happy compound of power among the three estates of the Romans, the Nobility, Senate, and Tribunes, not unlike that of King, Lords and Commons in England, by which means the Romans became so great a people.

Page 262.—And subjects stout, when ill at ease,  
should bleed.

This is an allusion to the famous Machiavel's bloody maxims of government, who thinks it prudent in all usurpers, and such Princes as are upon ill terms with their subjects, to put into practice all the cruelties, which they think material, at once, that they may have no occasion to repeat them often. This, in his opinion, is the only method of putting it out of the power of the disaffected to become dangerous. He instances, in Agathocles, the Sicilian tyrant, how he supported himself in his usurpations and arbitrary government by means of his cruelty

ty in putting to death a great part of his nobility. But however such maxims might be of some service to Princes in the petty states of Italy in Machiavel's time, or in ancient Greece, or at present in Turkey; yet we find that in England in the reign of Richard the Third, and in the Netherlands under the administration of the Duke de Alva, as well as in other countries, such maxims have been of the greatest disservice to Princes. The people of the north seem possessed of too strong a sense of liberty to brook such cruelty. Indeed, Machiavel adds, that, if the conqueror does not approve of such sanguinary proceedings, he thinks he should indiscriminately pardon all the disaffected; and the reason he assigns for so doing is this, that, in politics, the medium between clemency and rigour is certain destruction to a Prince. Happy is it for England, that her Sovereigns have been acted upon by the principles of clemency and justice.

Page 272.—A foreign force to shield the state at home;

It is well known, that, when the Greeks and other states hired foreigners to fight their battles, they  
laid



laid a foundation for their own ruin: It is also true, that the Saxons got possession of England, who at first were invited over only to assist England against the Scots and Picts.

Page 273.—Small was the force and scanty were the means  
Of self-defence——

Many states have suffer'd by the not carrying on their wars with vigour, in the use of plentiful supplies. Thus it is highly probable that England lost her acquisitions and dominions in France, in the reign of Henry the Sixth, more from her not allowing sufficient strength and assistance to her Regents there, than from any other cause. The actions of the maid of Orleans upon the English armies did hardly contribute so much, as it has been represented, to the bringing about so great a revolution of affairs in France. Perhaps, there were political reasons for the assigning of so much efficacy to her enchantments. It seems to have been the policy of the Duke of York and his adherents to deny

deny a needful aid to our Regents in France, that the loss thereof might render King Henry odious, and thereby the better pave the way of his own family to the throne, who at last got into the possession of it.

Page 275.—The Romans Heav'n ador'd and gain'd the earth.

St. Austin declared himself of opinion, that God gave this world, though not Heaven, to the Romans as a reward for their virtue; and Tully imputed the great success, which generally attended their arms, more to their reverence of their gods, than to any other cause.—See Austin de Civitate Dei; and Tully's oration about the Answer of the Aruspices.

Page 276.—Rome likewise fell, as Epicurus rose The admiration of her impious youth.

This is the confession of some writers of the Roman story, when Epicurism and licentiousness of manners

manners broke in at once, like a torrent, upon the Roman commonwealth. The principles of this philosopher seem ever to have prevailed mostly in the declension of states and kingdoms. There is something in the nature of man, which inclines him to give a kind reception to principles which free him from the troublesome dread of an over-ruling power. What shall we think of the tendency of that philosophy, one of whose principal advocates, the famous Lucretius, begins his poem thereon with an address to Venus, the goddess of love? What judgment might we not easily form of those times, when that great warrior, statesman, and orator, Julius Cæsar, openly pronounced his disbelief of future punishments before the Roman Senate, convened in the affair of the Catilinarian conspiracy? Now it is well known, that the liberty of the Romans fell to the ground a little after that time. May it not then be made a question, whether the loss of religion in a state is not followed with its loss of liberty, and with its certain destruction in the end?

Page 279.—All-rigid, where the planted battle  
rose,  
Singly they push'd——

These and some other lines following allude to the well-known history of some brave Romans, who voluntarily gave up their lives for their country, in the manner here hinted at. These Romans were the Decii, Curtius, Scævola, &c.

Page 280.—Villas and trepid baths their case employ.

In these among other matters of the same kind, did the luxury of the Romans principally consist.

Page 280.—O Didius, Rome's proud glory and her shame.

Didius was a Lawyer at Rome, so wealthy as to be able to purchase the Imperial dignity, when, upon the death of Pertinax, the Roman Empire was set to sale.



Page 281.—The Goths and Vandals harden'd as  
their skies——

A people in the northern parts of Europe, who invaded the Roman Empire at different times, and at last sacked the city of Rome under their great captain, the famous Alaric.

Page 287.—O George, the best of Kings, Bri-  
tannia's pride.

This part of the Poem, as hinted at before, was composed a little before the death of the late most excellent King, to whose memory his loving subjects paid the most deserving honours, and whose sorrow, at that interesting event, nothing could allay, but their prospect of equal happiness to be enjoyed under the protection of his Royal successor, in whom they discerned so many excellent qualities. The death of that great and good King was not considered by the author as a reason sufficient to suppress this panegyric upon his princely character  
and

and government. The author would then be understood to embalm the memory of his late Sovereign in this manner, as a testimony of respect from a private subject.

Page 295.—That of the welt'ring frog along the  
pool,

Or the light evolutions of a gnat.

Homer wrote on the battle of frogs, and Virgil on the battle of gnats; to which here is an allusion, being a parody upon two Latin verses of the learned Doctor Barrow in praise of Milton :

*Hæc quicunque leget, tantum cecinisse putabit  
Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.*



FINIS.

